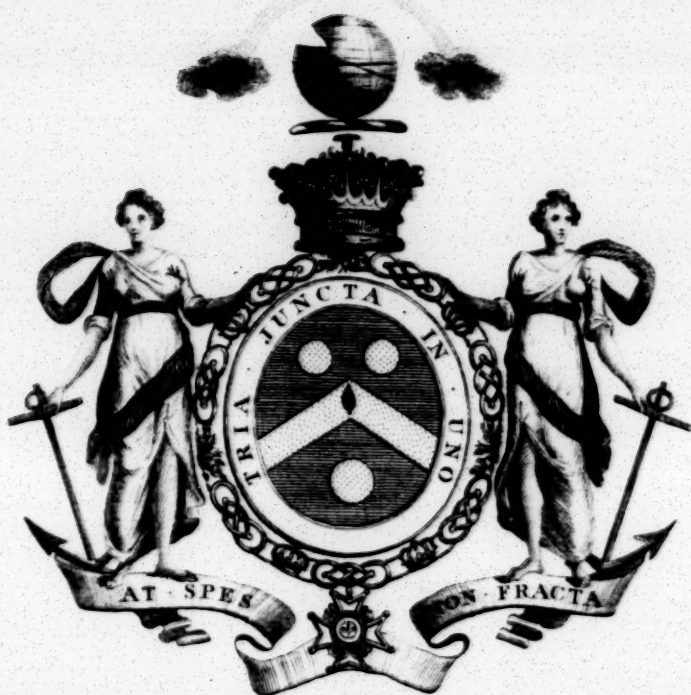


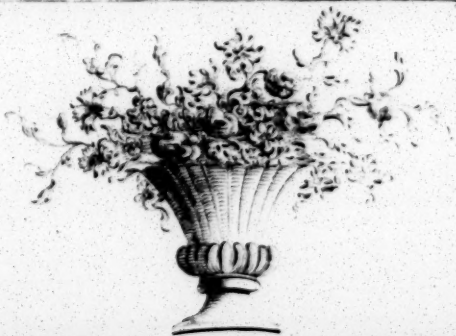
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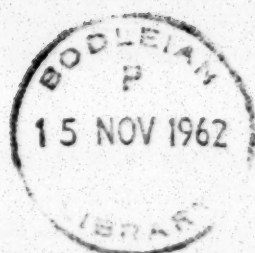
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By Dr. HAMMOND.

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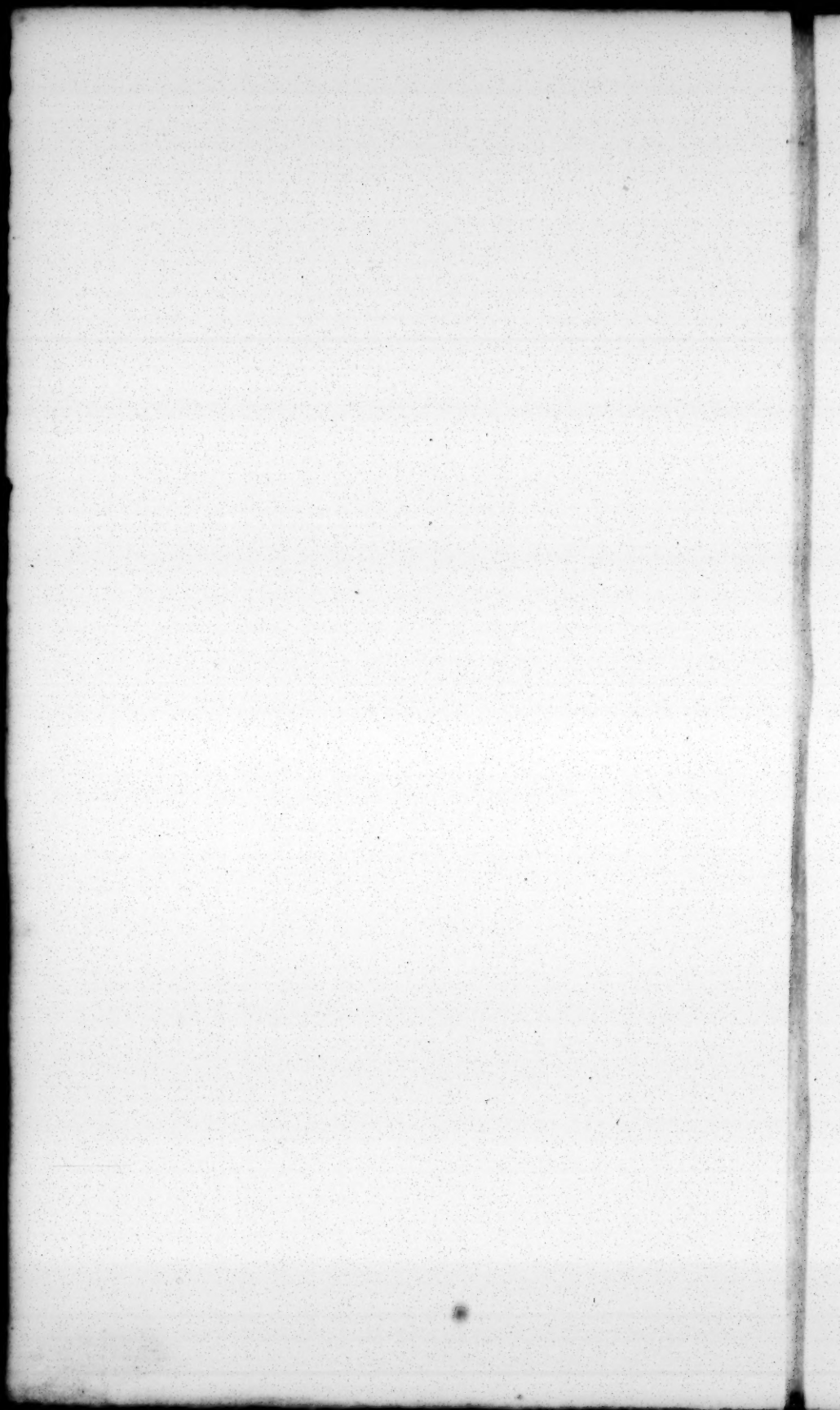
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In this Collection, place, 1. HAMMOND's Love-elegies, &c. conform to the signatures. 2. Pleasures of Imagination, with Odes on several subjects. 3. The Art of Health.



LOVE-ELEGIES.

B Y

Mr. HAMMOND.

Written in the year 1732.

WITH

A PREFACE by the Earl of
CHESTERFIELD.

Virginibus puerisque canto.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by W. RUEDIMAN junior and
COMPANY.

M. DCC. LIX.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE following elegies were wrote by a young gentleman, lately dead, and justly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whose hands they fell, determined to publish them, in the persuasion that they would neither be unwelcome to the public, nor injurious to the memory of their author. The reader must decide, whether this determination was the result of just judgment, or partial friendship; for the editor feels, and avows so much of the latter, that he gives up all pretensions to the former.

The author composed them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgment and correctness, neither of which seem wanting here. But, sincere in his love, as in his friendship, he wrote to his mistresses, as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart; he sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; it was nature and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore speaks here her own proper, native language, the unaffected, plaintive language of the tender passions; the true elegiac dignity and simplicity are preserved and united, the one without pride, the other without meanness. *Tibullus* seems to have been the model our author

judiciously preferred to *Ovid*; the former writing directly from the heart to the heart, the latter too often yielding, and addressing himself to the imagination.

The undissipated youth of the author allowed him time to apply himself to the best masters, the antients; and his parts enabled him to make the best use of them; for, upon those great models of solid sense and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt and adorn the resemblance. He admired that justness, that noble simplicity of thought and expression, which have distinguished and preserved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that sacredness of friendship, and all those heroic and social virtues which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of succeeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon those glorious and happy times of *Greece* and *Rome*, when wisdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced slavery to destroy all public and private virtues. In these sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these times; in these sentiments he died,—but in these times too. — *Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata moris esse videatur.*

L O V E

LOVE-ELEGIES

On his falling in love with NEERA.

ELEGY I.

FAREWEL that liberty our fathers gave ;
 In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain :
 I saw NEERA, and her instant slave,
 Tho' born a BRITON, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart ;
 Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame ;
 No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
 No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh, that to feel these killing pangs no more,
 On SCYTHIAN hills I lay a senseless stone !
 Was fix'd a rock amidst the wat'ry roar,
 And in the vast ATLANTIC stood alone !

Adieu, ye muses, or my passion aid ;
 Why should I loiter by your idle spring ?
 My humble voice would move one only maid,
 And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do not ask the lofty EPIC strain,
 Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere :
 I only sing one cruel maid to gain ;
 Adieu, ye muses, if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,
 Since guilty presents win the greedy fair ;
 I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
 But chieflly thine, O VENUS, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
 Who bends on sordid gold her low desires ;
 Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
 But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
 With TYRIAN purple soil'd the snowy sheep ;
 Unwiser still who seas and mountains crost,
 To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep.

These costly toys our silly fair surprise ;
 The shining follies cheat their feeble sight ;
 Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise ;
 'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind,
 And earthly thought, beneath a heav'nly face ?
 Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
 Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace ?

Hence all the blame that love and VENUS bear ;
 Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long ;
 Hence tears and sighs ; and hence the peevish fair,
 The froward lover,—Hence this angry song.

*Unable to satisfy the covetous temper of NEERA,
he intends to make a campaign, and try, if pos-
sible, to forget her.*

ELEGY II.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair !
No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound ;
My limbs have learn'd the weight of arms to bear ;
My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile ;
On spoil and war is bent this iron age ;
Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
Unliated vengeance and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil ev'n love itself is sold ;
Her lover's heart is least NEERA's care,
And I thro' war must seek detested gold,
Not for myself, but for my venal fair.

That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,
The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien ;
And art mistaken make her beauty less,
While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
Her's be the wealth of TAGUS' golden sand,
Her's the bright gems that glow in INDIA's soil,
Her's the black sons of AFRIC's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend ;
For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed :
But where, alas ! would idle fancy tend,
And sooth with dreams a youthful poet's head ?

Let

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
 In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
 While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
 And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
 And hide in threats the weakness of my mind :
 In vain,—tho' reason fly the hated door,
 Yet love, the coward love, still lags behind.

*He upbraids and threatens the avarice of NEERA,
 and resolves to quit her.*

E L E G Y III.

SHOULD JOVE descend in floods of liquid ore,
 And golden torrents stream from every part,
 That craving bosom still would heave for more ;
 Not all the God could satisfy thy heart.

But may thy folly, which can thus disdain
 My honest love, the mighty wrong repay ;
 May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,
 And on the shining heaps of rapine prey.

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
 Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom ;
 And, when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
 May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deserving, tender, gen'rous maid,
 Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
 Tho' ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,
 In ev'ry friend to love, a friend shall find :

And,

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
 When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
 The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
 And round the bier assembled lovers weep,

With flow'ry garlands, each revolving year,
 Shall strow the grave where truth and softness rest,
 Then home returning drop the pious tear,
 And bid the turf ly easy on her breast.

*To his friend, written under the confinement of a
 long indisposition.*

E L E G Y IV.

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,
 And lose in pleasing thought the summer day,
 Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,
 Whose heart at once inclines and fears to stray:

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled;
 Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought:
 Oh spare, * PERSEPHONE, this guiltless head!
 Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd;
 My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace;
 No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,
 Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face.

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast;
 This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane;
 I ne'er disturb'd the god's eternal rest
 With curses loud—but oft have pray'd in vain.

* The goddess of death.

No stealth of time has thinu'd my flowing hair,
 Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand;
 Ah! why so soon the tender blossom tear,
 Ere autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand?

Ye gods, whoe'er, in gloomy shades below,
 Now slowly tread your melancholy round,
 Now wand'ring view the baleful rivers flow,
 And, musing, hearken to their solemn sound:

Oh, let me still enjoy the chearful day,
 Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
 Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
 And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you who now, with festive garlands crown'd,
 In chace of pleasure the gay moments spend,
 By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,
 And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.

The lover is at first introduced speaking to his servant; he afterwards addresses himself to his mistress, and at last there is a supposed interview between them.

E L E G Y V.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
 Till creeping slumber sooth his troubled breast;
 Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
 If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my CYNTHIA's doors,
 And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal;
 May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
 And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Am

Ah gentle door, attend my humble call,
 Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray !
 So all my curses far from thee shall fall ;
 We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flow'ry wreaths I gave,
 When first I told thee of my bold desires ;
 Nor thou, O CYNTHIA, fear the watchful slave ;
 VENUS will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youths who see not where they tread,
 She shews the virgin how to turn the door,
 Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
 And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
 The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way ;
 Sacred he wanders thro' the pathless night,
 Belongs to VENUS, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
 Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
 If all the hardships I for love sustain,
 With love's victorious joys at last be crown'd.

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
 Or check the freedom of secure delight——
 Rash man ! beware, and shut thy curious eyes,
 Lest angry VENUS snatch their guilty sight :

But shouldst thou see, th' important secret hide,
 Tho' question'd by the pow'rs of earth and heav'n,
 The prating tongue shall love's revenge abide,
 Still sue for grace, and never be forgiv'n.

A wizard dame, thy lover's antient friend,
 With magic charm has deaf'd thy husband's ear ;
 At her command I saw the stars descend,
 And winged light'ning stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
 While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam.
 I saw them hearken to her potent sound,
 Till fear'd at day they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vig'rous summer pines,
 And wint'ry clouds obscure the hopeful year ;
 At her strong bidding gloomy winter shines,
 And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow ;
 They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind ;
 For me they make a husband nothing know,
 For me, and only me, they make him blind.

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
 She boasted that her skill could set it free ;
 This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies,
 How could it venture to abandon thee ?

*He adjures DELIA to pity him by their friendship
 with CELIA, who was lately dead.*

E L E G Y VI.

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of death,
 And in that harbour shun the storm of care ;
 Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath,
 She tells them still—to-morrow will be fair.

She

She tells me, DELIA, I shall thee obtain;
 But can I listen to her Siren song,
 Who sev'n slow months have drag'd my painful chain,
 So long thy lover, and despis'd so long?

By all the joys thy dearest CELIA gave,
 Let not her once-lov'd friend unpity'd burn;
 So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
 And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame;
 She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue;
 She still would pity what the wise might blame,
 And feel for weakness which she never knew.

Ah! do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
 That hov'ring round us all my sufferings hears;
 She is my saint; to her my pray'rs are made,
 With oft repeated gifts of flow'rs and tears.

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
 And, lonely sitting by the silent stone,
 I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire;
 The marble image seems to hear my moan.

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
 And stand before thee all in virgin white;
 That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
 And call forth pity from eternal night.

Cease, cruel man! the mournful theme forbear;
 Tho' much thou suffer, to thyself complain:
 Ah! to recal the sad rememb'rance spare,
 One tear from her is more than all thy pain.

*On DELIA's being in the country, where he supposes
she stays to see the harvest.*

E L E G Y VII.

NOW DELIA breathes in woods the fragrant air;
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain;
VENUS herself attends on DELIA there,
And CUPID sports amid the silvan train.

Oh! with what joy, my DELIA to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong!
Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn mold,
And patient goad the loit'ring ox along!

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand;
The great APOLLO wore the same disguise,
Like me, subdu'd to love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could sooth their master's pain;
The art of physic lost and useless lay;
To PENEUS' stream, and TEMPE's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray.

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His blushing sister * saw him pace along;
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where, by his darts, the crested PYTHON slain?
Where are his DELPHI? his delightful isle?
The god himself is grown a cottage-swain.

O

* The goddess Diana.

O CERES, in your golden fields no more,
 With harvest's chearful pomp, my fair detain :—
 Think what for lost * PROSERPINA you bore,
 And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown ;
 Their food was acorns, love their sole employ ;
 They met, they lik'd, they staid but till alone,
 And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire :
 Thrice happy times!—but, Oh ! I fondly rave ;
 Lead me to DELIA ; all her eyes inspire,
 I'll do ;—I'll plough or dig as DELIA's slave.

He despairs that he shall ever possess DELIA.

E L E G Y VIII.

AH! what avails thy lover's pious care ?
 His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain :
 Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle pray'r ;
 For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain.

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
 Till in thy arms an age of joy was past ;
 Then, old with love, insensibly decay,
 And on thy bosom gently breathe my last.

I scorn the LYDIAN river's golden wave,
 And all the vulgar charms of human life ;
 I only ask to live my DELIA's slave,
 And when I long have serv'd her, call her wife.

* The daughter of Ceres, taken from her by Pluto.

I only ask, of her I love possess,
 To sink o'ercome with bliss in safe repose ;
 To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
 And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O JUNO, with thy sober ear,
 Attend, gay VENUS, parent of desire,
 This one fond wish if you refuse to hear,
 Oh ! let me with this sigh of love expire.

He has lost DELIA.

E L E G Y IX.

HE who could first two gentle hearts unbind,
 And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
 Hard was the man ; but harder, in my mind,
 The lover still who dy'd not of despair.

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
 And mimic virtue with the paint of art ;
 I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
 And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
 And learn the more each heav'nly charm to prize,
 While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
 And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my ling'ring night,
 When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone ;
 DELIA is lost, and all my past delight
 Is now the source of unavailing moan.

When

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms ?
 Where is the face that fed my longing eyes ?
 Where is the shape that might have blest my arms ?
 Where all those hopes relentless fate denies ?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,
 DELIA may come, and see my poor remains :—
 Oh DELIA, after such an absence past,
 Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains ?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend ?
 With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
 Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
 Then, slowly sinking by degrees, expire ?

To sooth the hov'ring soul be thine the care,
 With plaintive cries to lead the mournful ba
 In fable weeds the golden vase to bear,
 And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand.

PANCHAI'A's odours be their costly feast,
 And all the pride of ASIA's fragrant year;
 Give them the treasures of the farthest east,
 And what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride ;
 Let all the world thy hapless lover know ;
 No silent urn the noble passion hide,
 But deeply graven thus my suff'rings show :

Here lies a youth borne down with love and care ;
 He could not long his DELIA's loss abide ;
 Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
 And, when he durst no longer hope, he dy'd.

On DELIA's birth-day.

E L E G Y X.

THIS day, which saw my DELIA's beauty rise,
 Shall more than all our sacred days be blest ;
 The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
 Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,
 Oh may our guiltless love be still the same !
 I burn and glory in the pleasing fires,
 If DELIA's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
 Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind ;
 But let her court in vain thy angry pow'r,
 If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O VENUS, hear my righteous pray'r,
 Or bind the shepherdes, or loose the swain ;
 Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
 And let them die together in thy chain.

What I demand perhaps her heart desires,
 But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain ;
 The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
 The conscious eye can full as well explain.

Against

Against lovers going to war, in which he philosophically prefers love and DELIA to the more serious vanities of the world.

E L E G Y XI.

TH E man, who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart!
He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art.

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life;
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold;
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear;
Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
Ere for my absence DELIA lose a tear.

Why should the lover quit his pleasing home,
In search of danger on some foreign ground?
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And risk in ev'ry stroke a double wound?

Ah! better far, beneath the spreading shade,
With cheerful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the sweet idea feast my soul.

Then, full of love, to all her charms retire,
And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.

TO DELIA.

ELEGY XII.

NO second love shall e'er my heart surprise ;
 This solemn league did first our passion bind ;
 Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
 Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,
 Displease all others, and secure my rest ;
 No need of envy ;—let me happy be,
 I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy desarts let me dwell,
 Where never human footstep mark'd the ground ;
 Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expel,
 And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore ;
 My tongue undoes me in this loving hour ;
 Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting more,
 Wilt make me feel the weight of all thy pow'r.

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
 Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear ;
 In chains I'll sit me down at VENUS' fane,
 She knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r.

He

He imagines himself married to DELIA, and that, content with each other, they are retired into the country.

ELEGY XIII.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound.

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand;
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest!

Or, if the sun in flaming LEO ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And, with my DELIA walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away!

What

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
 To stop, and gaze on DELIA as I go!
 To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
 And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
 In silent happiness I rest unknown;
 Content with what I am, not what I seem,
 I live for DELIA, and myself alone.

Ah foolish man! who, thus of her possest,
 Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
 And, if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
 Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
 Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;
 The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
 But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

STANHOPE, in wisdom as in wit divine,
 May rise and plead BRITANNIA's glorious cause,
 With steady rein his eager wit confine,
 While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let STANHOPE speak his list'ning country's wrong,
 My humble voice shall please one partial maid;
 For her alone I pen my tender song,
 Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

STANHOPE shall come, and grace his rural friend;
 DELIA shall wonder at her noble guest,
 With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
 And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Her's

Her's be the care of all my little train,
 While I with tender indolence am blest,
 The fav'rite subject of her gentle reign,
 By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
 In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;
 For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
 And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Air! what avails to press the stately bed,
 And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep?
 By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
 And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

DELIA alone can please, and never tire,
 Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
 With her enjoyment wakens new desire,
 And equal rapture glows through ev'ry night.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend
 To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind:
 In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,
 I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
 And dying press her with my clay-cold hand——
 Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
 Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
 Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill;
 Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair;
 Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

Oh quit the room ! Oh quit the deathful bed !
 Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart !
 Oh, leave me, DELIA, ere thou see me dead !
 These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
 Convey the corse in melancholy state,
 Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
 While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

TO DELIA.

ELEGY XIV.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
 In some lone spot with peace and thee retir'd !
 Tho' reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
 I still believ'd what flatt'ring love inspir'd.

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
 To dang'rous bliss no longer to pretend;
 In books a calm, but fixt content to find ;
 Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend.

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
 In learned ease, and elegant delight,
 Compare the beauties of each diff'rent stile,
 Each various ray of wit's diffusive light.

Now mark the strength of MILTON's sacred lines,
 Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
 Where all the glory of the godhead shines,
 And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now,

Now, fir'd by POPE and VIRTUE, leave the age,

In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,

And trace the author thro' his moral page,

Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my ling'ring pain can heal,

And reason fix its empire o'er my heart,

My patriot breast a nobler warmth shall feel,

And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O LITTLETON, shall be my guide,

It's fire shall warm me, and its worth improve;

Thy heart, above all envy and all pride,

Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O WEST, with her your partner dear,

Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,

With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,

Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why so long my weaker heart deceive?

Ah! still I love, in pride and reason's spite;

No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,

And while I threat, this elegy I write.

To Mr. GEORGE GREENVILLE.

ELEGY. XV.

O H! form'd alike to serve us and to please,
 Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease;
 With heart to act, with genius to retire;
 Open, yet wise; tho' gentle, full of fire:
 With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
 Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart:
 Hear then from what my long despair arose,
 The faithful story of a lover's woes.

C

When,

When, in a sober melancholy hour,
 Reduc'd by sickness under reason's pow'r,
 I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,
 And love itself could flatter me no more :
 My DELIA's hopes I would no more deceive,
 But, whom my passion hurt, thro' friendship leave :
 I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
 And cure her sex's weakness thro' its pride.
 The prudence which I taught I ill pursu'd,
 The charm my reason broke my heart renew'd ;
 Again submissive to her feet I came,
 And prov'd too well my passion by my shame :
 While she, secure in coldness or disdain,
 Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain ;
 Begun with higher views her thoughts to raise,
 And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise :
 She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
 And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale,
 Believ'd the grossest arts that malice try'd,
 Nor once in thought was on her lover's side :
 Oh ! where were then my scenes of fancied life ?
 Oh ! where the friend, the mistress, and the wife ?
 Her years of promis'd love were quickly past,
 Not two revolving moons could see them last.—
 To STOW's delightful scenes I now repair,
 In CORHAM's smile to lose the gloom of care ;
 Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,
 In nature learned, and humanely wise :
 There PITT, in manner soft, in friendship warm,
 With mild advice my list'ning grief shall charm ;
 With sense to counsel and with wit to please,
 A ROMAN's virtue, with a courtier's ease.
 Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,
 Contemn the human weakness of my breast :
 Reason may chide the fault she cannot cure,
 And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure,
Tho'

Tho' wiser cares employ your studious mind,
 Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
 Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
 And learn my woes to pity by its own.

To Miss D———W———D.

E L E G Y XVI.

In the manner of OVID.

O Say, thou dear possessor of my breast,
 Where now's my boasted liberty and rest?
 Where the gay moments which I once have known,
 Oh! where that heart I fondly thought my own?
 From place to place I solitary roam,
 Abroad uneasy, nor content at home.
 I scorn the beauties common eyes adore,
 The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
 Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
 And only think on thee—who art not there.
 In vain would books their formal succour lend,
 Nor wit, nor wisdom can relieve their friend;
 Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
 And wisdom shows the ill without the cure.
 When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
 A thousand schemes I form, and things to say;
 But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
 My heart's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.

AND could I speak with eloquence and ease,
 Till now not studious of the art to please,
 Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
 Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame,
 Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
 And court that sex I foolishly despis'd,

Own

Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
 And thou reveng'd the wrongs of womankind :
 Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain,
 In vain to tell thee all I write in vain ;
 My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
 And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

AND now (for more I never must pretend),
 Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend ;
 Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare,
 For without danger none like thee are fair ;
 But wisely chuse who best deserves thy flame,
 So shall the choice itself become thy fame ;
 Nor yet despise, tho' void of winning art,
 The plain and honest courtship of the heart ;
 The skilful tongue in love's persuasive lore,
 Tho' less it feels, will please and flatter more,
 And meanly learned in that guilty trade
 Can long abuse a fond, unthinking maid.
 And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
 Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe,
 And since their tears in false submission drest
 Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast,
 Oh ! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe ;
 Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
 Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem,
 Like me——with passion founded on esteem.

Answer to the foregoing Lines.

By the late Lord HERVEY.

Too well these lines that fatal truth declare,
 Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear.
 But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love,
 What can it hope, tho' mutual it should prove?

This

This little form is fair in vain for you,
 In vain for me thy honest heart is true ;
 For wouldst thou fix dishonour on my name,
 And give me up to penitence and shame ;
 Or gild my ruin with the name of wife,
 And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life :
 Could'st thou submit to wear the marriage chain,
 (Too sure a cure for all thy present pain)
 No saffron robe for us the Godhead wears,
 His torch inverted, and his face in tears.
 Though ev'ry softer wish were amply crown'd,
 Love soon would cease to smile where fortune frown'd ;
 Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
 And blame what it solicited before ;
 Thy own exhausted would reproach my truth,
 And say I had undone thy blinded youth ;
 That I had damp'd ambition's nobler flame,
 Eclips'd thy talents, and obscur'd thy fame ;
 To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd,
 That would in senates or in courts have shin'd,
 Gloriously active in thy country's cause,
 Asserting freedom, and enacting laws.

Or say, at best, that negatively kind
 You only mourn'd, and silently repin'd ;
 The jealous dæmons in my own fond breast
 Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
 And all that sense must feel, tho' pity had suppress'd. }
 Yet added grief my apprehension fills
 (If there can be addition to those ills)
 When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
 " 'Twas thy own deed, thy folly on thy head !
 Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
 Nor pities tenderness, nor honours truth ;
 Holds it romantic to confess a heart,
 And say those virgins act a wiser part

Who hospitals and bedlams would explore
 To find the rich, and only dread the poor ;
 Who, legal prostitutes for int'rest sake,
 CLODIOS and TIMONS to their bosoms take,
 And, if avenging heav'n permit increase,
 People the world with folly and disease.
 Those, titles, deeds, and rent-rolls only wed,
 Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed,
 And the grave aunt and formal sire approve
 This nuptial sale, this auction of their love,
 But if regard to worth or sense be shown,
 That poor degen'rate child her friends disown,
 Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
 From her great name's hereditary vice.

These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind,
 Of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
 If I embark upon this summer sea,
 Where flatt'ry smooths, and pleasure gilds the way.
 Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame
 Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
 I might upon that score thy heart receive,
 And with that guiltless name my own deceive ;
 That commerce now in vain you recommend,
 I dread the latent lover in the friend ;
 Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
 And know, I both must take, or both refuse.

Hear then the safe, the firm resolve I make,
 Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
 Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
 Neither to int'rest nor to honour true,
 And proud to swell the triumph of their eyes,
 Exult in love from lovers they despise ;
 Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
 And tho' I like the lover, quit the love.

A N
E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

By Mr. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homewards plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her antient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shade,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy house-wife ply her ev'ning care:
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Of

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn ile and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flatter's sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious MILTON here may rest,
 Some CROMWELL guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learnt to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implore the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland land.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His littleless length at noon tide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 ' Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree ;
 ' Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,
 ' The next, with dirges due and sad array,
 ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him born,
 ' Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large

*Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

HYMN to ADVERSITY.

By the same.

DAUGHTER of JOVE, relentless pow'r,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamantine chain
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unselt before, unpitied and alone.
 When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern, rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore ;
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.
 Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
 With justice to herself severe,
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.
 Oh ! gently on thy Suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful hand,
 (As by the Impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.
 Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart,
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

E P I S T L E S

In the manner of OVID.

MONIMIA to PHILOCLES.

By Lord HERVEY.

SINCE language never can describe my pain,
 How can I hope to move when I complain?
 But such is woman's phrenzy in distress,
 We love to plead, tho' hopeless of redress.

PERHAPS, affecting ignorance, thou'lt say,
 From whence these lies? whole message to convey?
 Mock not my grief with that feign'd cold demand,
 Too well you know the hapless writer's hand:
 But if you force me to avow my shame,
 Behold it prefac'd with MONIMIA's name.

LOST to the world, abandon'd and forlorn,
 Expos'd to infamy, reproach, and scorn,
 To mirth and comfort lost, and all for you,
 Yet lost, perhaps, to your remembrance too,
 How hard my lot! what refuge can I try,
 Weary of life, and yet afraid to die!
 Of hope, the wretch's last resort, bereft,
 By friends, by kindred, by my lover left.
 Oh! frail dependence of confiding fools!
 On lovers oaths, or Friendship's sacred rules!

D

How

How weak in modern hearts, too late I find,
 MONIMIA's false, and PHILOCLES unkind !
 To these reflexions, each slow wearing day,
 And each revolving night a constant prey,
 Think what I suffer, nor ungentle hear
 What madness dictates in my fond despair ;
 Grudge not this short relief (too fast it flies),
 Nor chide that weakness I myself despise.
 One moment sure may be at least her due,
 Who sacrific'd her all of life for you.
 Without a frown this farewell then receive,
 For 'tis the last my hapless love shall give ;
 Nor this I would, if reason could command ;
 But what restriction reins a lover's hand ?
 Nor prudence, shame, nor pride, nor int'rest sways,
 The hand implicitly the heart obeys ;
 Too well this maxim has my conduct shown,
 Too well that conduct to the world is known.

OFT have I writ, and often to the flame,
 Condemn'd this after-witness of my shame ;
 Oft in my cooler recollected thought,
 Thy beauties, and my fondness half-forgot,
 (How short those intervals for reason's aid !)
 Thus to myself in anguish have I said.

THY vain remonstrance, foolish maid, give o'er ;
 Who act the wrong, can ne'er that wrong deplore.
 'Then sanguine hopes again delusive reign,
 I form'd thee melting, as I tell my pain.
 If not of rock thy flinty heart is made,
 Nor tygers nurs'd thee in the desert shade,
 Let me at least thy cold compassion prove,
 That slender sustenance of greedy love :
 Tho' no return my warmer wishes find,
 Be to the wretch, tho' not the mistress, kind ;

Nor

Nor whilst I court my melancholy state,
 Forget 'twas love, and thee, that wrought my fate.
 Without restraint habituate to range
 The paths of pleasure ; can I bear this change ?
 Doom'd from the world unwilling to retire,
 In bloom of life, and warm with young desire,
 In lieu of roofs with regal splendor gay,
 Condemn'd in distant wilds to drag the day ;
 Where beasts of prey maintain their savage court,
 Or human brutes (the worst of brutes) resort.
 Yes, yes, the change I could unsighing see,
 For none I mourn but what I find in thee ;
 There center all my woes, thy heart estrang'd,
 I weep my lover, not my fortune, chang'd :
 Bless'd with thy presence, I could all forget,
 Nor gilded palaces in huts regret ;
 But exil'd thence, superfluous is the rest,
 Each place the same, my hell is in my breast ;
 To pleasure dead, and living but to pain,
 My only sense to suffer, and complain.

As all my wrongs distressful I repeat,
 Say, can thy pulse with equal cadence beat ?
 Canst thou know peace ? is conscience mute within ?
 That upright delegate for secret sin ;
 Is nature so-extinguish'd in thy heart,
 That not one spark remains to take my part ?
 Not one repentant throb, one grateful sigh ?
 Thy breast unruffled, and unwet thy eye ?
 Thou cool betrayer, temperate in ill !
 Thou nor remorse, nor thought humane canst feel :
 Nature has form'd thee of the rougher kind,
 And education more debas'd thy mind,
 Born in an age when guilt and fraud prevail,
 When justice sleeps, and int'rest holds the scale ;

Thy loose companions, a licentious crew,
 Most to each other, all to us untrue,
 Whom chance or habit mix, but rarely choice,
 Nor leagu'd in friendship, but in social vice;
 Who indigent of honour, or of shame,
 Glory in crimes which others blush to name;
 By right or wrong disdaining to be mov'd,
 Unprincipled, unloving, and unlov'd.
 The fair who trusts their prostituted vows,
 If not their falsehood, still their boasts expose;
 Nor knows the wisest to elude the harm;
 Even she whose prudence shuns the tinsel charm
 They know to slander tho' they fail to warm:
 They make her languish in fictitious flame,
 Affix some specious slander on her name,
 And, baffled by her virtue, triumph o'er her fame.

THESE are the leaders of thy blinded youth,
 These vile seducers laugh'd thee out of truth;
 Whose scurril jests all solemn ties profane,
 Or Friendship's band, or Hy men's sacred chain;
 Morality as weakness they upbraid,
 Nor ev'n revere Religion's hallow'd head;
 Alike they spurn divine and human laws,
 And treat the honest like the Christian cause.
 Curse on that tongue whose vile pernicious art
 Delights the ear but to corrupt the heart,
 That takes advantage of the cheerful hour,
 When weaken'd Virtue bends to Nature's pow'r,
 And would the goodness of the soul efface,
 To substitute dishonour in her place.

WITH such you lose the day in false delights,
 In lewd debauch you revel out the nights;
 (O fatal commerce to MONIMIA's peace!)
 Their arguments convince because they please;

While

Whilst sophistry for reason they admit,
 And wander dazzled by the glare of wit ;
 Wit that on ill a specious lustre throws,
 And in false colours ev'ry object shows,
 That gilds the wrong, deprectating the right,
 And hurts the judgment while it feasts the sight ;
 So in a prism, to the deluded eye,
 Each pictur'd trifle takes a rainbow dye ;
 With borrow'd charms the shining prospect glows,
 And truth revers'd the faithless mirror shows.
 Inverted scenes in bright confusion lie,
 The lawns impending o'er the nether sky ;
 No just nor real images we meet,
 But all the gaudy vision is deceit.

Oft I revolve in this distracted mind
 Each word, each look, that spoke my charmer kind ;
 But oh ! how dear their memory I pay !
 What pleasures past can present cares allay ?
 Of all I love for ever dispossest'd :
 Ah ! what avails to think I once was blest'd ?
 Hard disposition of unequal fate !
 Mix'd are our joys, and transient are their date ;
 Nor can reflexion bring them back again,
 Yet brings an after-sting to every pain.

Thy fatal letters, oh immoral youth !
 Those perjur'd pledges of fictitious truth,
 Dear as they were, no second joy afford ;
 My cred'lous heart once leap'd at ev'ry word,
 My glowing bosom throb'd with thick-heav'd sighs,
 And floods of rapture gush'd into my eyes :
 When now repeated (for thy theft was vain,
 Each treasur'd syllable my thoughts retain),
 Far other passions rule, and diff'rent care,
 My joys and grief, my transports and despair.

WHY dost thou mock the ties of constant love ?
 But half its joys the faithless ever prove ;
 They only taste the pleasures they receive,
 When sure the noblest is in those we give.
 Acceptance is the heav'n which mortals know,
 But 'tis the bliss of angels to bestow.
 Oh ! emulate, my love, that task divine ;
 Be thou that angel, and that heav'n be mine.
 Yet, yet relent, yet intercept my fate ;
 Alas I rave, and sue for new deceit.
 Alas the dead shall from the grave return,
 As love extinguish'd with new ardor burn.
 Oh ! that I dar'd to act a Roman part,
 And stab thy image in this faithful heart,
 Where riveted for life secure you reign,
 A cruel inmate, author of my pain :
 But coward-like irresolute I wait
 Time's tardy aid, nor dare to rush on fate ;
 Perhaps may linger on life's latest stage,
 Survey thy cruelties, and fall by age :
 No—grief shall swell my sails, and speed me o'er }
 (Despair my pilot) to that quiet shore, }
 Where I can trust, and thou betray no more.
 Might I but once again behold thy charms,
 Might I but breathe my last in those dear arms,
 On that lov'd face but fix my closing eye,
 Permitted where I might not live to die,
 My soften'd fate I would accuse no more ;
 But fate has no such happiness in store.
 'Tis past, 'tis done—what gleam of hope behind,
 When I can ne'er be false, nor thou be kind ?
 Why then this care ?—'tis weak—'tis vain—farewel—
 At that last word what agonies I feel !
 I faint—I die—remember I was true—
 'Tis all I ask—eternally—adieu !

FLORA

FLORA to POMPEY.

POMPEY, when he was very young, fell in love with FLORA, a ROMAN courtesan, who was so very beautiful that the ROMANS had her painted to adorn the temple of CASTOR and POLLUX. GEMINIUS (POMPEY's friend) afterwards fell in love with her too; but she, prepossessed with a passion for POMPEY, would not listen to GEMINIUS. POMPEY, in compassion to his friend, yielded him his mistress, which FLORA took so much to heart, that she fell dangerously ill upon it; and in that sickness is supposed to write the following letter to POMPEY.

ERE death these closing eyes for ever shade,
 (That death thy cruelties have welcome made)
 Receive, thou yet lov'd man! this one adieu,
 This last farewell to happiness and you.
 My eyes o'erflow with tears, my trembling hand
 Can scarce the letters form, or pen command:
 The dancing paper swims before my sight,
 And scarce myself can read the words I write.

THINK you behold me in this lost estate,
 And think yourself the author of my fate;
 How vast the change! your FLORA's now become
 The gen'ral pity, not the boast of ROME.
 This form, a pattern to the sculptor's art,
 This face, the idol once of POMPEY's heart,
 (Whose pictur'd beauties ROME thought fit to place
 The sacred temples of her gods to grace)
 Are charming now no more; the bloom is fled,
 The lilies languid, and the roses dead.

Soon

Soon shall some hand the glorious work deface,
Where *Grecian* pencils tell what FLORA was :
No longer my resemblance they impart,
They lost their likeness, when I lost thy heart.

OH ! that those hours could take their turn again,
When POMPEY, lab'ring with a jealous pain,
His FLORA thus bespoke : " Say, my dear love !
" Shall all these rivals unsuccessful prove ?
" In vain for ever shall the ROMAN youth
" Envy my happiness, and tempt thy truth ?
" Shall neither pray'rs nor tears thy pity move ?
" Ah ! give not pity, 'tis a-kin to love.
" Would FLORA were not fair in such excess,
" That I might fear, tho' not adore her less."

FOOL that I was, I sought to ease that grief,
Nor knew indiff'rence follow'd the relief :
Experience taught the cruel truth too late,
I never dreaded, till I found my fate.
'Twas mine to ask if POMPEY's self could hear,
Unmov'd, his rival's unsuccessful pray'r ;
To make thee swear he'd not thy pity move ;
Alas ! such pity is no kin to love.

'Twas thou thyself (ungrateful as thou art !)
Bade me unbend the rigour of my heart :
You chid my faith, reproach'd my being true,
(Unnat'ral thought !) and labour'd to subdue
The constancy my soul maintain'd for you ;
To others arms your mistress you condemn'd,
Too cool a lover and too warm a friend.

How could'st thou thus my lavish heart abuse,
To ask the only thing it could refuse ?
Nor yet upbraid me, POMPEY, what I say,
For 'tis my merit that I can't obey ;

Yet

Yet this alledg'd against me as a fault,
 Thy rage fomented, and my ruin wrought.
 Just gods! what tye, what conduct can prevail
 O'er sickle man, when truth like mine can fail?

URGE not, to gloss thy crime, the name of friend,
 We know how far those sacred laws extend;
 Since other heroes have not blush'd to prove
 How weak all passions when oppos'd to love;
 Nor boast the virtuous conflict of thy heart,
 When gen'rous pity took GEMINIUS' part?
 'Tis all heroic fraud, and Roman art.
 Such flights of honour might amuse the crowd,
 But by a mistress ne'er can be allow'd;
 Keep for the senate, and the grave debate,
 That infamous hypocrisy of state;
 There words are virtue, and your trade deceit.

No riddle is thy change, nor hard t'explain;
 FLORA was fond, and POMPEY was a man:
 No longer then a specious tale pretend,
 Nor plead fictitious merit to your friend:
 By nature false, you follow'd her decree,
 Nor gen'rous are to him, but false to me.

You say you melted at GEMINIUS' tears,
 You say you felt his agonizing cares:
 Gross artifice, that these from him could move,
 And not from FLORA, whom you say you love:
 You could not bear to hear your rival sigh,
 Yet bear unmov'd to see your mistress die.
 Inhuman hypocrite! not thus can he
 My wrongs, and my distress, obdurate, see.
 He, who receiv'd, condemns the gift you made,
 And joins with me the giver to upbraid,
 Forgetting he's oblig'd, and mourning I'm betray'd.

He

He loves too well that cruel gift to use,
Which POMPEY lov'd too little to refuse :
Fain would he call my vagrant lord again,
But I the kind ambassador restrain ;
I scorn to let another take my part,
And to myself will owe or lose thy heart.

CAN nothing e'er rekindle love in thee ?
Can nothing e'er extinguish it in me ?
That I could tear thee from this injur'd breast !
And where you gave my person, give the rest,
At once to grant and punish thy request.
That I could place thy worthy rival there !
No second insult need my fondness fear ;
He views not FLORA with her POMPEY's eyes,
He loves like me, he doats, despairs, and dies.

COME to my arms, thou dear, deserving youth !
Thou prodigy of man ! thou man with truth !
For him, I will redouble every care
To please ; for him, these faded charms repair ;
To crown his vows, and sharpen thy despair.

OH ! 'tis illusion all ! and idle rage !
No second passion can this heart engage ;
And shortly, POMPEY, shall thy FLORA prove,
Death may dissolve, but nothing change her love.

ARISBE to MARIUS junior.

From FONTENELLE.

When MARIUS was expelled from ROME by SYLLA's faction, and retired into AFRICA, his son (who accompanied him) fell into the hands of HIEMPSAL king of NUMIDIA, who kept him prisoner. One of the mistresses of that king fell in love with MARIUS junior, and was so generous to contrive and give him his liberty, tho' by that means she sacrificed her love for ever. 'Twas after he had rejoined his father, that she wrote him the following letter.

I.

OF all I valued, all I lov'd bereft,
Say, has my heart this little comfort left !
That you the mem'ry of its truth retain,
And think with grateful pity on my pain ?

II.

Tho' but with life my sorrows can have end,
(For death alone can join me to my friend)
Yet think not I repent I set you free;
I mourn your absence, not your liberty.

III.

Before my MARIUS left NUMIDIA's coast,
Each day I saw him ; scarce an hour was lost :
Now months and years must pass, nay, life shall prove
But one long absence from the man I love.

Painful

IV.

Painful reflexion ! poison to my mind !
 Was it but mortal too, it would be kind :
 But mad with grief I search the palace round,
 And in that madness dream you're to be found.

V.

Wouldst thou believe it ? to those walls I fly
 Where thou wert captive held ; there frantic cry,
 These fetters sure my vagrant's flight restrain'd.
 Alas ! these fetters I myself unchain'd.

VI.

The live-long day I mourn, I loath the light,
 And wait impatient each returning night :
 What, tho' the horrid gloom augment my grief ?
 'Tis grateful still ; for I disclaim relief.

VII.

That coz'ner hope intruder not on my woe ;
 One only interval my sorrows know ;
 When dreams, the kind reversers of my pain,
 Bring back my charming fugitive again.

VIII.

Yet there's a grief surpassing all the rest ;
 A jealous dæmon whispers in my breast,
 MARIUS was false ; for liberty alone
 The show of love the hypocrite put on.

IX.

Then I reflect (ah ! would I could forget !)
 How much your thoughts on war and ROME were set,
 How little passion did that conduct prove !
 Too strong thy reason, but too weak thy love.

X. Thy

X.

Thy sword, 'tis true, a father's cause demands ;
 But 'twas a mistress gave it to thy hands ;
 To love, and duty just, give each their part,
 His be the arm, and mine be all thy heart.

XI.

But what avail these thoughts ? fond wretch, give o'er !
 MARIUS, or false, or true, is thine no more :
 Since Fate has cast the lot, and we must part,
 Why should I wish to think I had his heart ?

XII.

Yes : let me cherish that remembrance still ;
 That thought alone shall soften ev'ry ill ;
 To tell my soul, his love, his truth was such,
 All was his due, nor have I done too much.

XIII.

Deceitful comfort ! let me not persuade
 My cred'ulous heart its fondness was repaid ;
 It makes my soul with double anguish mourn
 Those joys, which never, never must return.

XIV.

Perhaps ev'n you what most I wish oppose,
 And in the ROMAN all the lover lose :
 I'm a NUMIDIAN, and your soul disclaims
 To bear th' inglorious weight of foreign chains.

XV.

Can any climate then so barb'rous prove,
 To stand excluded from the laws of love ?
 His empire's universal, unconfin'd ;
 His proxy beauty, and his slaves mankind.

XVI.

Nor am I a NUMIDIAN but by name,
 For I can int'rest for my love disclaim :
 My virtue shows what 'twas the gods design'd,
 By chance on AFRIC's clay they stamp'd a ROMAN
 mind.

XVII.

Not all the heroes which your ROME can boast,
 So much for fame, as I for you have lost :
 Yourself I lost : oh ! grateful, then confess,
 My trial greater, tho' my glory less.

XVIII.

Yes, partial gods ! inflictors of my care !
 Be witness what I felt, what grief, what fear !
 When full of stifled woes the night he fled,
 No sigh I dar'd to breathe, no tear to shed.

XIX.

Whilst men of faith approv'd, a chosen crew,
 Firm to their troth, and to their mistress true,
 With care too punctual my commands obey,
 And in one freight my life and thee convey.

XX.

The harder task was mine ; condemn'd to bear
 With brow serene, my agonizing care ;
 To mix in idle talk, to force a smile,
 A king and jealous lover to beguile.

XXI.

Think in that dreadful interval of fate,
 All I held dear, thy safety in debate,
 Think what I suffer'd whilst my heart afraid
 Suggests a thousand times that all's betray'd.

XXII.

A thousand times revolving in my mind
 The doubtful chance ; oh ! Love, said I, be kind :
 Propitious to my scheme, thy vot'ry aid,
 And be my fondness by success repaid.

XXIII.

Now bolder grown, with sanguine hopes elate,
 My fancy represents thy smiling fate ;
 The guards deceiv'd, and every danger o'er,
 The winds already waft him from the shore.

XXIV.

These pleasing images a new impart
 Life to my eyes, and gladness to my heart ;
 Dispel the gloomy fears that cloud my face
 And charm the little flatterer to peace.

XXV.

But now the king, or tasteless to my charms,
 Or weary of an absent mistress' arms,
 His own apartment seeks, and grateful rest ;
 That courted stranger to the careful breast.

XXVI.

Whilst I, by hopes and fears alternate sway'd,
 Impatient ask the slaves if I'm obey'd.
 'Tis done, they cry'd, and struck me with despair ;
 For what I long'd to know, I dy'd to hear.

XXVII.

Fantastic turn of a distracted mind,
 I blam'd the gods for having been too kind ;
 Curs'd the success they granted to my vows,
 And this assistant hand that fill'd my woes.

XXVIII.

Such was my phrenzy in that hour of care,
And such th' injustice of my bold despair;
That even those, ungrateful, I upbraid,
Whose fatal diligence my will obey'd.

XXIX.

Scarce, MARIUS, did thyself escape my rage;
(Most lov'd of men!) when fears of black presage
Describe thy heart so fond of liberty,
It never gave one parting throb for me.

XXX.

At every step you should have turn'd your eye,
Dropt a regretful tear, and heav'd a sigh;
The nature of the grace I shew'd was such,
You not deserv'd it, if it pleas'd too much.

XXXI.

A lover would have linger'd as he fled,
And oft in anguish to himself have said,
Farewel for ever! Ah! yet more he'd done,
A lover never would have fled alone.

XXXII.

To force me from a hated rival's bed,
Why comes not MARIUS at an army's head?
Oh! did thy heart but wish to see that day,
'Twould all my past, and future woes o'erpay.

XXXIII.

But vain are all these hopes: preserve thy breast
From falsehood only, I forgive the rest:
Too happy, if no envy'd rival boast
Those joys ARISBE for her MARIUS lost.

R O X A N A.

ROXANA to USBECK.

From LES LETTRES PERSANNES.

ROXANA, one of USBECK's wives, was found (whilst he was in EUROPE) in bed with her lover, whom she had privately let into the seraglio. The guardian eunuch, who discovered them, had the man murdered on the spot, and her close guarded till he received instructions from his master how to dispose of her. During that interval she swallowed poison, and is supposed to write the following letter whilst she is dying.

THINK not I write my innocence to prove,
 To sue for pity, or awake thy love :
 No mean defence expect, or abject pray'rs ;
 Thou know'st no mercy, and I know no tears :
 I laugh at all thy vengeance has decreed,
 Avow the fact, and glory in the deed.

YES, tyrant ! I deceiv'd thy spies and thee :
 Pleas'd in oppression, and in bondage free ;
 The rigid agents of thy cruel laws
 By gold I won to aid my juster cause :
 With dextrous skill eluded all thy care,
 And acted more than jealousy could fear :
 To wanton bow'rs this prison-house I turn'd,
 And blest'd that absence which you thought I mourn'd.

BUT short those joys allow'd by niggard fate,
 Yet so refin'd, so exquisitely great,
 That their excess compensated their date.

I die : already in each burning vein
 I feel the pois'nous draught, and bless the pain :
 For what is life unless its joys we prove ?
 And where is joy, depriv'd of what we love ?

YET ere I die, this justice I have paid
 To my dear murder'd lover's injur'd shade :
 Those sacrilegious instruments of pow'r,
 Who wrought that ruin these sad eyes deplore,
 Already with their blood their crimes atone,
 And for his life have sacrific'd their own.

THEE, tho' restraint and absence may defend
 From my revenge, my curses still attend :
 Despair like mine, barbarian ! be thy part ;
 Remorse afflict, and sorrow sting thy heart.

NOR think this hate commencing in my breast,
 Tho' prudence long its latent force suppress'd ;
 I knew those wrongs that I was forc'd to bear,
 And curs'd those chains injustice made me wear.

FOR couldst thou hope, ROXANA, to deceive
 With idle tales, which only fools believe ?
 Poor abject souls in superstition bred,
 In ign'rance train'd, by prejudice misled ;
 Whom hireling dervises by proxy teach
 From those whose false prerogative they preach.

DIDST thou imagine me so weak of mind,
 Because I murmur'd not, I ne'er repin'd,
 But hugg'd my chain, and thought my jailor kind ?
 That willingly those laws I e'er obey'd,
 Which pride invented, and oppression made ?
 And whilst self-licens'd through the world you rove,
 To quicken appetite by change in love ;
 Each passion sated, and each with possess'd,
 That Lust can urge, or Fancy can suggest :
 That I should mourn thy loss with fond regret,
 Weep the misfortune, and the wrong forget ?

COULD I believe that heav'n this beauty gave,
 (Thy transient pleasure, and thy lasting slave ;)
 Indu'd with reason, only to fulfil
 The harsh commands of thy capricious will ?

No

No, USBECK, no, my soul disdain'd those laws ;
 And tho' I wanted pow'r t' assert my cause,
 My right I knew ; and still those pleasures sought ;
 Which Justice warranted, and Nature taught :
 On custom's senseless precepts I refin'd,
 I weigh'd what heav'n, I knew what man design'd,
 And form'd by her own rules my free-born mind.

Thus, whilst this wretched body own'd thy pow'r,
 Doom'd, unredress'd, its hardships to deplore,
 My soul subservient to herself alone,
 And reason independent on her throne,
 Contemn'd thy dictates, and obey'd their own.

Yet thus far to my conduct thanks are due,
 At least I condescended to seem true ;
 Endeavour'd still my sentiments to hide,
 Indulg'd thy vanity, and sooth'd thy pride.
 Tho' this submission to a tyrant paid,
 Whom not my duty, but my fears obey'd,
 If rightly weigh'd, would more deserve thy blame ;
 Who call it virtue, but profane her name :
 For to the world I should have own'd that love,
 Which all impartial judges must approve ;
 You urg'd a right to tyrannize my heart,
 Which he soliciting assail'd by art,
 Whilst I, impatient of the name of slave,
 To force refus'd, what I to merit gave.

OfT, as thy slaves this wretched body led
 To the detested pleasures of thy bed ;
 In those soft moments, consecrate to joy,
 Which extasy and transport should employ ;
 Clasp'd in your arms, you wonder'd still to find
 So cold my kisses, so compos'd my mind ;
 But had thy cheated eyes discern'd aright,
 You'd found aversion, where you sought delight.

Not that my soul incapable of love,
 No charms could warm, no tenderness could move ;
 For

For him, whose love my every thought possess'd,
A fiercer passion fill'd this constant breast,
Than truth e'er felt, or falsehood e'er possess'd.

THIS stile unusual to thy pride appears,
For truth's a stranger to the tyrant's ears;
But what have I to manage, or to dread?
Nor threats alarm, nor insults hurt the dead:
No wrongs they feel, no miseries they find;
Cares are the legacies we leave behind:
In the calm grave no USBECK we deplore,
No tyrant husband, no oppressive pow'r.
Alas! I faint — Death intercepts the rest:
The venom'd drug is busy in my breast:
Each nerve's unstrung: a mist obscures the day:
My senses, strength, and ev'n my hate decay:
Tho' rage a while the ebbing spirits stay'd,
'Tis past — they sink beneath the transient aid.
Take then, inhuman wretch! my last farewell;
Pain be thy portion here, hereafter, hell:
And when our prophet shall my fate decree,
Be any curse my punishment, but thee.

EPILOGUE design'd for SOPHONISBA,

And to have been spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

BEFORE you sign poor SOPHONISBA's doom,
In her behalf petitioner I come;
Not but our author knows, whate'er I say,
That I could find objections to his play.
This double marriage for her country's good,
I told him never would be understood,
And that ye all would say, 'twas flesh and blood.
Had CARTHAGE only been in madam's head,
Her champion never had been in her — bed:

For

For could the idiot think a husband's name
 Would make him quit his int'rest, friends, and fame;
 That he would risque a kingdom for a wife,
 And act dependent in a place for life?

Yet what stern CATO shall condemn the fair,
 Whilst public good she thunder'd in your ear,
 If private int'rest had a *little* share?

You know she acted not against the laws
 Of those old-fashion'd times; that in her cause
 Old SYPHAX could no longer make a stand,
 And MASSINISSA woo'd her sword in hand,
 But did not take the way to whet that sword;
 Heroes fight coldly when wives give the word.
 She should have kept him keen, employ'd her charms
 Not as a bribe, but to reward his arms;
 Have told him when ROME yielded she would yield,
 And sent him fresh, not yawning, to the field.

She talk'd it well to rouse him to the fight,
 But like PENELOPE, when out of sight,
 All she had done by day, undid by night.

Is this your wily CARTHAGINIAN kind?

No ENGLISH woman had been half so kind.

What from a husband's hand could she expect

But ratifane, or that common fate, neglect?

Perhaps some languishing soft fair may say,

Poison's so shocking — but consider pray,

She fear'd the ROMAN, he the marriage chain,

All other means to free them both were vain.

Let none then MASSINISSA's conduct blame,

He first his love consulted, then his fame.

And if the fair one with too little art,

Whilst seemingly she play'd a patriot-part,

Was secretly the dupe of her own heart;

Forgive a fault she strove so well to hide,

Nor be compassion to her fate deny'd,

Who liv'd unhappily, and greatly dy'd.

*An imitation of the eleventh ODE of the FIRST
BOOK of HORACE.*

FORBEAR, my dear STEPHEN, with a fruitless desire
 Into truths which are better conceal'd to enquire;
 Perhaps many years are allow'd us by Fate,
 Or next winter perhaps is the last of their date!
 Let the credulous fools whom astrologers cheat,
 Exult or despond, as they vary deceit;
 Who anticipate care their own pleasure destroy;
 And invite disappointment who build upon joy;
 All ills unforeseen we the easiest endure;
 What avails to foresee, unless foresight could cure?
 And from ills by their art how can wretches be freed,
 When that art must be false, or those ills be decreed?
 From reflexion and hope little comfort we find,
 To possession alone let thy thoughts be confin'd;
 To-day's all the treasure poor mortals can boast,
 For to-morrow's not gained, and yesterday's lost;
 Ev'n now whilst I write, time steals on our youth,
 And a moment's cut off from thy friendship and truth:
 Then seize the swift blessing, enjoy the dear now,
 And taste, not expect, what hereafter'll bestow.

A LOVE LETTER.

WHAT shall I say to fix thy wav'ring mind,
 To chase thy doubts, and force thee to be kind?
 What weight of argument can turn the scale,
 If intercession from a lover fail?
 By what shall I conjure thee to obey
 This tender summons, nor prolong the stay?
 If unabated in this constant breast
 That passion burns which once thy vows profess'd;

If absence has not chill'd the languid flame,
 Its ardour and its purity the same;
 Indulge those transports, and no more controul
 The dictates of thy fond consenting soul;
 By no vain scruple be thy purpose sway'd,
 And only love implicitly obey'd:
 Let inclination this debate decide,
 Nor be thy prudence, but thy heart thy guide:
 But real prudence never can oppose
 What love suggests, and gratitude avows:
 The warm dear raptures which thy bosom move,
 'Tis virtue to indulge, 'tis wisdom to improve:
 For think how few the joys allow'd by Fate,
 How mix'd the cup, how short their longest date!
 How onward still the stream of pleasure flows!
 That no reflux the rapid current knows!
 Not ev'n thy charms can bribe the ruthless hand
 Of rigid Time, to stay his ebbing sand;
 Fair as thou art, that beauty must decay;
 The night of age succeeds the brightest day:
 That cheek where nature's sweetest garden blows
 Her whitest lily, and her warmest rose;
 Those eyes, those meaning ministers of love,
 Who, what thy lips can only utter, prove;
 These must resign their lustre, those their bloom,
 And find with meager charms one common doom:
 Pass but a few short years, this change must be;
 Nor one less dreadful shalt thou mourn in me;
 For tho' no chance can alienate my flame,
 While thine, to feed the lamp, shall burn the same;
 Yet shall the stream of years abate that fire,
 And cold esteem succeed to warm desire;
 Then on thy breast unraptur'd shall I dwell,
 Nor feel a joy beyond what I can tell:
 Or say, should sickness antedate that woe,
 And intercept what Time would else allow;

If Pain should pall my taste to all thy charms,
 Or Death himself should tear me from thy arms ;
 How wouldst thou then regret with fruitless truth,
 The precious squander'd hours of health and youth ?
 Come then, my love, nor trust the future day,
 Live whilst we can, be happy whilst we may :
 For what is life unless its joys we prove ?
 And what is happiness but mutual love ?
 Our time is wealth no frugal hand can store,
 All our possession is the present hour,
 And he who spares to use it, ever poor. }
 The golden *now* is all that we can boast ;
 And that (like snow) at once is grasp'd and lost.
 Hasten, wing thy passage then, no more delay,
 But to these eyes their sole delight convey.
 Not thus I languish'd for thy virgin charms,
 When first surrender'd to these eager arms,
 When first admitted to that heav'n thy breast,
 To mine I strain'd that charming foe to rest ;
 How leaps my conscious heart, whilst I retrace
 The dear idea of that strict embrace ?
 When on thy bosom quite entranc'd I lay,
 And lov'd unsated the short night away ;
 Whilst half reluctant you, and half resign'd,
 Amidst fears, wishes, pain, and pleasure join'd,
 Now holding off, now growing to my breast,
 By turns reprov'd me, and by turns caress'd.
 Oh ! how remembrance throbs in every vein !
 I pant, I sicken for that scene again ;
 My senses ach, I can no word command,
 And the pen totters in my trembling hand.
 Farewel, thou only joy on earth I know,
 And all that man can taste of heav'n below.

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.

A
P O E M

IN THREE BOOKS.

By Dr. AKENSIDE.

Ἄσπερος μὲν ἔστιν ἀνθρώπου τὰς παρὰ τῆς Θεᾶς χάριτας
ἀνιμαζέιν.

EPIC.T. apud Arrian. II. 23.

EDINBURGH:

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The DESIGN.

THERE are certain powers in human nature which seem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily sense and the faculties of moral perception: They have been called by a very general name, THE POWERS OF IMAGINATION. Like the external senses, they relate to matter and motion; and, at the same time, give the mind ideas analogous to those of moral approbation and dislike. As they are the inlets of some of the most exquisite pleasures we are acquainted with, men of warm and sensible tempers have sought means to recal the delightful perceptions they afford, independent of the objects which originally produced them. This gave rise to the imitative or designing arts; some of which, like painting and sculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, like music and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by signs universally established and understood.

BUT these arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were naturally led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers; especially poetry, which making use of language as the instrument by which it imitates, is consequently become an unlimited representative of every species and mode of being. Yet as their primary intention was only to express the objects of imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character, and all the different pleasures they excite, are termed, in general, PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

THE design of the following poem is to give a view of these, in the largest acceptation of the term; so that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of those principles in the constitution of the human mind, which are here established and explained.

IN executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the imagination from our other faculties, and then to characterize those original forms or properties of being about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. Addison had reduced to the three general classes of greatness, novelty, and beauty; and into these we may analyze every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure, and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides this, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a *similar* exhibition of properties quite *foreign* to the imagination; inasmuch that in every line of the most applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses, or truths discovered to the understanding, or illustrations of contrivance and final causes, or, above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions. It was therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify these different species of pleasure; especially that from the passions, which, as it is supreme in the noblest works of human genius, so being in some particulars not a little surprising, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing a piece of machinery to account for the appearance.

AFTER these parts of the subject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and interest the mind, a pleasure of a very different nature, that from ridicule came next to be considered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illustration, and to distinguish the general sources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of style became necessary; such a one as might yet be consistent, if possible, with the general taste of composition in the serious parts of the subject: nor is it an easy task to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expressions of the mock-heroic, or the familiar and pointed raillery of professed satire; neither of which would have been proper here.

THE

THE materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illustrate some particular pleasures which arise either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itself. Of the first kind is that various and complicated resemblance existing between several parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it seems in a great measure to depend on the early associations of our ideas, and as this habit of associating is the source of many pleasures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great share in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here, and its effects described. Then follows a general account of the production of these elegant arts, and the secondary pleasure, as it is called, arising from the resemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the design is closed with some reflexions on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life.

CONCERNING the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with propriety by the author. He had two models; that ancient and simple one of the first Grecian poets, as it is refined by *Virgil* in the *Georgics*, and the familiar epistolary way of *Horace*. This latter has several advantages. It admits of a greater variety of stile; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation; and especially, with the assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured stile. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to the same dignity of taste in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is so

careful to point out the benevolent intention of the author of nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on ; and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point of view with the mere external objects of good taste ; thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views have also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the subject ; but since they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of *Virgil*, the faultless model of didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular. For the sentiments themselves he makes no apology.



THE

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THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.

BOOK the FIRST.

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ARGUMENT of the FIRST BOOK.

THE subject propos'd; verse 1. to 30. Difficulty of treating it poetically; v. 45. The ideas of the divine mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination; v. 56. to 78. The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men, with its final cause; to v. 96. The idea of a fine imagination; and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords; v. 100. to 132. All the primary pleasures of imagination result from the perception of greatness or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects; v. 145. The pleasure from greatness with its final cause; v. 151. to 221. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause; v. 222. to 270. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause; v. 275. to 372. The connexion of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life; v. 384. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy; to v. 428. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects; v. 448. Colour, shape, natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind; v. 445. to 475. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind; v. 497. to 526. The connexion of the imagination and the moral faculty; v. 557. Conclusion.

B O O K I.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
 Of nature touches the consenting hearts
 Of mortal men ; and what the pleasing stores
 Which beauteous imitation thence derives
 To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil ; 5
 My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle POWERS
 OF MUSICAL DELIGHT ! and while I sing
 Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
 Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
 Indulgent FANCY ! from the fruitful banks 10
 Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
 Fresh flow'rs and dew to sprinkle on the turf
 Where *Shakespeare* lies, be present : and with thee
 Let FICTION come, upon her vagrant wings
 Wafting ten thousand colours thro' the air ; 15
 And, by the glances of her magic eye,
 Combining each in endless, fairy forms,
 Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
 Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
 Wilt thou, eternal HARMONY ! descend, 20
 And join this festive train ? for with thee comes,
 The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
 Majestic TRUTH ; and where TRUTH deigns to come
 Her sister LIBERTY will not be far.
 Be present all ye GENII who conduct 25

Line 7.] The word MUSICAL is here taken in its original
 and most extensive import ; comprehending as well the pleasures
 we receive from the beauty or magnificence of *natural* objects, as
 those which arise from poetry, painting, or any other of the ele-
 gant and imaginative arts. In which sense it has been already
 used in our language by writers of unquestionable authority.

The

The wand'ring footsteps of the youthful bard,
 New to your springs and shades : who touch his ear
 With finer sounds ; who heighten to his eye
 The bloom of nature, and before him turn
 The gayest, happiest attitudes of things.

30

OFt have the laws of each poetic strain
 The critic-verse employ'd ; yet still unsung
 Lay this prime subject, tho' importing most
 A poet's name : for fruitless is th' attempt
 By dull obedience and the curb of rules
 For creeping toil to climb the hard ascent
 Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
 Must fire the chosen genius ; nature's hand
 Must point the path, and imp his eagle-wings,
 Exulting o'er the painful steep to soar
 High as the summit : there to breathe at large
 Ætherial air ; with bards and sages old,
 Immortal sons of praise. These flatt'ring scenes
 To this neglected labour court my song ;
 Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task,
 To paint the finest features of the mind,
 And to most subtle and mysterious things
 Give colour, strength and motion. But the love
 Of nature and the miles bids explore,

35

40

45

Yet not unconscious.] Lucret. l. 2. v. 921.

*Nec me animi fallit quam sint ol' seura, sed acri
 Percussit thyrsi laudis spes magna meum cor,
 Et simul incussit suavem mi in pectus amorem
 Musarum ; quo nunc insinctus mente vigenti
 Ania Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
 Trita solo : juvat integros accedere fonteis,
 Atque haurire : juvatque novos discerpere flores ;
 Insignem meo capiti petere inde coronam,
 Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Mæse.*

Thro'

Thro' secret paths erewhile untrod by man, 50
The fair poetic region, to detest
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts;
And shade my temples with unfading flow'rs
Cull'd from the laureat vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before. 55

FROM heav'n my strains begin; from heav'n descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprung from the east, or mid the vault of night 60
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe;
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd th' eternal ONE: then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd at large, 65
The uncreated images of things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And wisdom's form celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd, 70
His admiration: till, in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital simile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame;
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves; 75
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal skies and vernal show'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

BUT not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For, since the claims 80
Of social life to different labours urge
The active pow'rs of man, with wise intent

The

The hand of nature on peculiar minds
 Imprints a diff'rent bias, and to each
 Decrees its province in the common toil. 85
 To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
 The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
 The golden zones of heav'n: to some she gave
 To weigh the moment of eternal things,
 Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain, 90
 And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
 She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
 What healing virtue swells the tender veins
 Of herbs and flow'rs: or what the beams of morn
 Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind 95
 In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
 Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
 She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
 To these the fire omnipotent unfolds
 The world's harmonious volume, there to read 100
 The transcript of himself. On every part
 They trace the bright impresssions of his hand:
 In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
 The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
 Blooming with rosy smiles, they see pourtray'd 105
 That uncreated beauty, which delights
 The mind supreme. They also feel her charms;
 Enamour'd, they partake th' eternal joy.

As Memnon's marble harp, renown'd of old

As Memnon's marble harp.] The statue of *Memnon*, so famous in antiquity, stood in the temple of *Serapis* at *Thebes*, one of the great cities of old *Egypt*. It was of a very hard iron-like stone, and, according to *Juvenal*, held in its hand a lyre, which, being touched by the sun-beams, emitted a distinct and agreeable sound. *Tacitus* mentions it as one of the principal curiosities which *Germanicus* took notice of in his journey through *Egypt*; and *Strabo* affirms that he, with many others, heard it.

By

Book I. OF IMAGINATION.

13

By fabling Nilus, to the quiv'ring touch 110

Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, founded thro' the warbling air
Unbidden strains ; ev'n so did nature's hand
To certain species of external things

Attune the finer organs of the mind : 115

So the glad impulse of congenial pow'rs,
Or of sweet sound, or fair-proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills thro' imagination's tender frame,

From nerve to nerve : all naked and alive 120

They catch the spreading rays : till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,

To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain

Diffuses its enchantment : fancy dreams 125

Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss : the intellectual pow'r

Bends from his awful throne a wond'ring ear,
And smiles : the passions, gently sooth'd away,

Sink to divine repose, and love and joy 130

Alone are waking ; love and joy, serene

As airs that fan the summer. O ! attend,

Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch,

Whose candid bosom the refining love

Of nature warms, O ! listen to my song ; 135

And I will guide thee to her fav'rite walks,

And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,

And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms 140

With love and admiration thus inflame
The pow'rs of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have refer'd ;

B

Three

Three sister graces, whom the painter's hand,
 The poet's tongue confesses; the sublime, 145
 The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
 I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
 More lovely than when Lucifer displays
 His beaming forehead thro' the gates of morn,
 To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring. 150

SAY, why was man so eminently rais'd
 Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
 Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
 With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
 But that th' omnipotent might send him forth, 155
 In sight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
 As on a boundless theatre, to run
 The great career of justice; to exalt
 His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
 To shake each partial purpose from his breast; 160

Say, why was man, &c.] In apologizing for the frequent negligence of the sublimest authors of Greece, " Those god-like geniuses, says Longinus, were well assured that God had not intended man for a low-spirited or ignoble being: but bringing us into life, and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory; she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Whence it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of human imagination, which often sallies forth beyond the limits of all that surrounds us. Let any man cast his eye thro' the whole circle of our existence, and consider how especially it abounds in excellent and grand objects, he will soon acknowledge for what enjoyments and pursuits we were destined. Thus by the very propensity of nature we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all, the ocean, &c." Dionys. Longin. de Sublim. sect. xxxiv.

And

And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain
'To hold his course unfault'ring, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward, 165
Th' applauding smile of heav'n? else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms, this unquenched hope
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour to embrace 170
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross controul of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contentions of her toils;
Proud to be daring? who but rather turns
To heav'n's broad fire his unconstrained view, 175
Than to the glimm'ring of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
Shouts round the wide horizon to survey
The Nile or Ganges rowl his wasteful tide
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with shade
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze 181
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? the high born soul
Disdains to rest her heav'n aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth 185
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars 190
The blue profound, and hov'ring o'er the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd 195

She darts her swiftness up the long career
 Of devious comets ; thro' its burning signs
 Exulting circles the perennial wheel
 Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
 Whose blinded light, as with a milky zone, 200
 Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
 Th' empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
 Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode ;
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
 Has travell'd the profound six thousand years, 205
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
 Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
 She meditates th' eternal depth below ;
 Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
 She plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up 210
 In that immense of being. There her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal. For, from the birth
 Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
 That not in humble or in brief delight,
 Not in the fading echoes of renown, 215
 Pow'r's purple robes, or pleasure's flow'ry lap,
 The soul should find enjoyment : but from these

Th' empyreal waste.] *Ne se peut-il point qu'il y a un grand espace au delà de la region des etoiles ? Que ce soit le ciel empyrée, ou non, toujours cet espace immense, qui environne toute cette region, pourra être rempli de bonheur & de gloire. Il pourra être conquis comme l'ocean, ou se rendent les fleuves de toutes les creatures bienheureuses, quand elles seront venues à leur perfection dans le système des etoiles. Leibnitz dans la Theodicée, part i. Sect. 19.*

Whose unfading light, &c.] It was a notion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed stars at such a distance from our solar system, as that their light shall not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Turning

Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' ascent of things inlarge her view,
Till ev'ry bound at length should disappear, 220
And infinite perfection close the scene.

CALL now to mind what high, capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine, 225
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares 230
Th' obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active pow'r
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, tho' beheld 235
With transport once; the fond, attentive gaze
Of

the neglect

Of all familiar prospects, &c.] It is here said, that, in consequence of the love of novelty, objects which at first were highly delightful to the mind, lose that effect by repeated attention to them. But the instance of *habit* is oppos'd to this observation; for *there* objects at first distasteful are in time rendered intirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this case will be removed, if we consider, that when objects, at first agreeable, lose that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly *passive* and the perception *involuntary*; but habit, on the other hand, generally supposes *choice* and *activity* accompanying it: so that the pleasure arises here not from the object, but from the mind's *conscious* determination of its own activity; and consequently increases in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will still be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with disagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no

Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal
 Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
 For such the bounteous providence of heav'n,
 In ev'ry breast implanting this desire 240
 Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
 With unremitted labour to pursue
 Those sacred stores that wait the rip'ning soul,
 In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
 To paint its power ? For this the daring youth 245
 Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,

room for the mind to resolve or act at all. In this case, the appearance must be accounted for one of these ways.

The pleasure from habit may be merely negative. The object at first gave uneasiness: this uneasiness gradually wears off as the object grows familiar; and the mind finding it at last intirely removed, reckons its situation really pleasurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The dislike conceived of the object at first, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Consequently the mind, being necessitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own mistake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with aversion. In which case a sort of instinctive justice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running towards the other extreme of fondness and attachment.

Or lastly, tho' the object itself should always continue disagreeable, yet circumstances of pleasure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an association may arise in the mind, and the object never be remembered, without those pleasing circumstances attending it; by which means the disagreeable impression it at first occasioned will in time be quite obliterated.

— *this desire* —
 Of objects new and strange —] These two ideas are oft confounded; tho' it is evident the mere *novelty* of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the least degree of *wonder*: whereas *wonder* indeed always implies *novelty*, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleasure in both cases is explicable from the same final cause, the acquisition of knowledge and enlargement of our views of nature: and on this account it is natural to treat of them together.

In

In foreign climes to rove : the pensive sage,
 Heedless of sleep or midnight's harmful damp,
 Hangs o'er the sickly taper : and untir'd
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250
 The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
 From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
 Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
 The wishes of the youth, when every maid
 With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night 255
 The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
 Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
 Breathing astonishment ! of witching rhimes,
 And evil spirits ; of the death-bed call
 To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd 260
 The orphan's portion ; of unquiet souls
 Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
 Of deeds in life conceal'd ; of shapes that walk
 At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed. 265
 At every solemn pause the croud recoil,
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shiv'ring sighs : till, eager for th' event,
 Arround the beldame all arrest they hang,
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd. 270

BUT lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
 Where BEAUTY onward moving claims the verse
 Her charms inspire : the freely flowing verse
 In thy immortal praise, O form divine !
 Smooths her mellifluous stream. Thee, BEAUTY, thee,
 The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray 276
 The mossy roofs adore : thou, better sun !
 For ever beamest on th' enchanted heart
 Love and harmonious wonder, and delight
 Poetic. Brightest progeny of heav'n ! 280

How

How shall I trace thy features? where select
 The roseat hues to emulate thy bloom?
 Hasten then, my song, thro' nature's wide expanse,
 Hasten then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
 Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains, 285
 Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
 To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
 With laughing autumn to th' Atlantic isles,
 And range with him th' Hesperian field, and see,
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove, 290
 The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
 Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters glow
 With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
 As with the blushes of an evening sky?
 Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume 295
 Where, gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shades,
 The smooth Penéus from his glassy flood
 Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
 Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan pow'rs,
 Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age 300
 They play'd in secret on the shady brink
 With antient Pan; while round their choral steps
 Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
 Show'r'd blossoms, odours, show'r'd ambrosial dews,
 And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flow'ry store 305
 To thee nor Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
 Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits

Atlantic isles.] By these islands, which were also called the *Fortunate*, the antients are now generally supposed to have meant the *Canaries*. They were celebrated by the poets for the mildness and fertility of the climate; for the gardens of the daughters of *Hesperus*, the brother of *Atlas*; and the dragon which constantly watched their golden fruit, till it was slain by the *Tyrian Hercules*.

Where gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shades.] *Daphne*, the daughter of *Peneus*, transformed into a laurel.

From

From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs 310
Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn; 315
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks, disclosing as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck
The cheek fair blooming, and the rosy lip
Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love, 320
With sanctity and wisdom, temp'ring blend
Their soft allurements. Then the pleasing force
Of nature and her kind parental care,
Worthier I'd sing: then all th' enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre 325
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd 330
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each cœrulean sister of the flood
With fond acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bow'r. Ye smiling band 335
Of youths and virgins, who, thro' all the maze
Of young desire with rival-steps, pursue
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words. 340
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form

Of

Of superstition drest in wisdom's garb,
 To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
 To bid the jealous thund'rer fire the heav'ns,
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth 345
 To fright you from your joys: my chearful song
 With better omens calls you to the field,
 Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chase,
 And warm as you. Then tell me, for you know,
 Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health 350
 And active use are strangers? Is her charm
 Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
 Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean
 This awful stamp the herald of a lye,
 To hide the shame of discord and disease, 355
 And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
 Of idle faith? O no! with better cares,
 Th'indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
 Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
 By this illustrious image, in each kind 360
 Still most illustrious where the object holds
 Its native pow'rs most perfect, she by this
 Illumes the headlong impulse of desire,
 And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
 Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract 365
 Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
 The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
 And every charm of animated things,
 Are only pledges of a state sincere,
 Th'integrity and order of their frame, 370
 When all is well within, and every end
 Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heav'n
 The lovely ministris of truth and good

In

In this dark world; for truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her, 375
With

————— Truth and good are one

And beauty dwells in them, &c.,] “ Do you imagine (says So-
crates to his libertine disciple), that what is good is not also
“ beautiful? have you not observed that these appearances always
“ co-incide? Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which
“ we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beautiful also. In
“ the characters of men we always † join the two denominations
“ together. The beauty of human bodies corresponds, in like
“ manner, with that oeconomy of parts which constitutes them
“ good; and in all the circumstances which occur in life, the
“ same object is constantly accounted both beautiful and good, in-
“ asmuch as it answers the purposes for which it was designed.”
Xenophon. memorab. Socrat. l. 3. c. 9.

This excellent observation has been illustrated and explained by
the noble restorer of antient philosophy; see the *Characteristicks*,
vol. 2. p. 399. & 422. & vol. 3. p. 181. And his most inge-
nious disciple has particularly shewn, that it holds in the general
laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences:
Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue; Treat. 1. Sect. 8. As to the connexion between beauty and truth, there are
two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independ-
ent and invariable law in nature, in consequence of which *all ra-
tional beings must alike perceive beauty in some certain proportions, and
deformity in the contrary.* And this necessity being supposed the
same with that which commands the assent or dissent of the un-
derstanding, it follows of course that *beauty is founded on the uni-
versal and unchangeable law of truth.*

But others there are who believe *beauty* to be merely a relative
and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent design in nature
to annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are *best
and most perfect in themselves*, that so we might be engaged to the
choice of them at once, and without staying to infer their *usefulness*
from their structure and effects; but that it is not impossible, in a
physical sense, that two beings of equal capacities for *truth*, should
perceive, one of them *beauty*, and the other *deformity*, in the same
relations. And upon this supposition, by that *truth* which is al-
ways connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the
con-

† This the *Albionians* did in a peculiar manner by the words
καλοκαγαθία & *καλοκαγαθία*.

With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O sons of earth! would you dissolve the tye?
 O wherefore, with a rash imperfect aim,
 Seek you those flow'ry joys with which the hand
 Of lavish fancy paints each flatt'ring scene 380
 Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
 Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
 Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace, 385
 And, with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
 Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
 Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task
 To learn the lore of undeceitful good, 390
 And truth eternal. Tho' the pois'nous charms
 Of baleful superstition guide the feet
 Of servile numbers, thro' a dreary way
 To their abode, thro' desarts, thorns and mire;
 And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn 395
 To muse, at last, amid the ghostly gloom
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;
 To walk with spectres thro' the midnight shade,
 And to the screaming owl's accursed song
 Attune the dreadful workings of his heart; 400
 Yet

conformity of any object to those proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that species is found to depend. *Polycletus*, for instance, the famous sculptor of *Sicyon*, from an accurate mensuration of the several parts of the most perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or system of proportions, which was the rule of all succeeding artists. Suppose a statue modelled according to this canon. A man of mere natural taste, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confesses and admires its beauty; whereas a professor of the art applies his measures to the head, the neck, or the hand, and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanship to be *just* and *true*.

Yet be not you dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where wildom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand intertwine a wreath
Of PLATO's olive with the Mantuan bay, 405
Then should my pow'rful voice at once dispel
These monkish horrors : then in light divine
Disclose th' Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom nature charms, thro' blooming walks,
Thro' fragrant mountains and poetic streams, 410
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged genius, and the choir
Of laurel'd science and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to th' eternal shrine,
Where truth inthron'd with her celestial twins 415
The undivided partners of her sway,
With good and beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
O let not us a moment pause to join 420
The god-like band. And if the gracious pow'r
That first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit ; then thro' all our paths,
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre 425
Be wanting ; whether on the rosy mead,
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement ; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve, 430
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers chance and fate ; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of uncorruptive praise ; 435
C To

To trace her hallow'd light thro' future worlds,
And blest heav'n's image in the heart of man.

THUS with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
Advent'rous, to delineate nature's form ;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd, 440
Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains
Thro' various being's fair proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms
From their first twilight, shining forth at length 445
To full meridian splendor. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in th' effusive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape, 450
Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement ; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed, 455
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Thro' which the breath of nature has infus'd
Her genial pow'r to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth, 460
In fruit and seed prolific : thus the flow'rs
Their purple honours with the spring resume ;
And such the stately tree which autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is nature's charm, where to the full consent 465
Of complicated member's, to the bloom
Of colour and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are giv'n,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul :

So

So moves the bird of Juno ; so the steed 470
 With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
 And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
 Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
 There most conspicuous, ev'n in outward shape,
 Where dawns the high expression of a mind : 475
 By steps conducting our inraptur'd search
 To that eternal origin whose pow'r,
 Thro' all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
 Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
 This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd. 480
 MIND, MIND alone, bear witness earth and heav'n !
 The living fountains in itself contains
 Of beauteous and sublime ; here, hand in hand,
 Sit paramount the graces ; here inthron'd,
 Cœlestial Venus, with divinest airs, 485
 Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
 Look then abroad thro' nature, to the range
 Of planets, suns, and adamantinè spheres
 Wheeling unshaken thro' the void immense ;
 And speak, O man ! does this capacious scene 490
 With half that kindling majesty dilate
 Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
 Amid the croud of patriots, and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jove 495
 When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
 And bade the father of his country, hail !
 For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free ? — Is aught so fair 500

*As when Brutus rose, &c.] Cicero himself describes this fact
 —Cæsare interfecto—statim cruentum alte extollens M.
 Brutus pugionem, Ciceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recupe-
 ratam libertatem est gratulatus. Cic. Philipp. 2. 12.*

In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
 Of him who strives with fortune to be just? 505
 The graceful tear that streams for other's woes?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever blooming olive crowns
 The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvy'd treasures, and the snowy wings 510
 Of innocence and love protect the scene?
 Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
 Where nature works in secret; view the beds
 Of min'ral treasure, and th' eternal vault
 That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms 515
 Of atoms moving with incessant change
 Their elemental round; behold the seeds
 Of being and the energy of life
 Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
 Then to the secrets of the working mind 520
 Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
 Her fleet ideal band; and bid them, go!
 Break thro' time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
 That saw the heav'ns created: then declare
 If aught were found in those external scenes 525
 To move thy wonder now. For what are all
 The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
 Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
 Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
 The superficial impulse; dull their charms, 530
 And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
 Not so the moral species, or the pow'rs
 Of genius and design: th' ambitious mind
 There sees herself: by these congenial forms
 Touch'd

Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act 535
 She bends each nerve, and meditates, well-pleas'd,
 Her features in the mirrour. For, of all
 Th' inhabitants of earth, to man alone
 Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
 To truth's eternal measures ; thence to frame 540
 The sacred laws of action and of will,
 Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
 And temperance from folly. But beyond
 This energy of truth, whose dictates bind
 Assenting reason, the benignant fire, 545
 To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
 Has added bright imagination's rays :
 Where virtue, rising from the awful depth
 Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
 The unadorn'd condition of her birth ; 550
 And, dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
 Assumes a various feature, to attract,
 With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
 The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
 Th' ingenious youth whom solitude inspires 555
 With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
 Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
 That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
 Of harmony and wonder : while among
 The herd of servile minds her strenuous form 560
 Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
 And thro' the rolls of memory appeals

*Where virtue rising from the awful depth
 Of truth's mysterious bosom, &c.* According to the opinion of those
 who assert *moral obligation* to be founded on an immutable and
 universal law, and that pathetic feeling which is usually called the
 moral sense, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the ima-
 gination and the earliest associations of ideas.

To antient honour ; or in aſt ſerene,
 Yet watchful raiſes the majeſtic ſword
 Of public pow'r, from dark ambition's reach 565
 To guard the ſacred volume of the laws.

GENIUS of antient Greece ! whoſe faithful ſteps
 Well-pleas'd I follow thro' the ſacred paths
 Of nature and of ſcience : nurſe divine
 Of all heroic deeds and fair deſires ! 570
 O ! let the breath of thy extended praiſe
 Inſpire my kindling boſom to the height
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
 Preſumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
 That ſooths this vernal evening into ſmiles, 575
 I ſteal impatient from the ſordid haunts
 Of ſtrife, and low ambition, to attend
 Thy ſacred preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
 By their malignant footſteps ne'er prophan'd.
 Deſcend, propitious ! to my favour'd eye ; 580
 Such in thy mien, thy warm exalted air,
 As when the Perſian tyrant, foil'd and ſtung
 With ſhame and deſperation, gnaw'd his teeth
 To ſee thee rend the pageants of his throne ;
 And at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear 585
 Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
 Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
 Of civil wiſdom, thy heroic youth
 Warm from the ſchools of glory. Guide my way 590
 Thro' fair Lycéum's walk, the green retreats
 Of Academus, and the thymy vale,

Lyceum.] The ſchool of *Ariſtotle*.

Academus.] The ſchool of *Plato*.

Where

Where oft enchanted, with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store 595
Of these auspicious fields, may I, unblam'd,
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime: while, far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
The springs of antient wisdom; while I join 600
Thy name thrice honour'd! with th' immortal praise
Of nature; while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

Ilissus.] One of the rivers on which *Athens* was situated. *Plato*,
in some of his finest dialogues, lays the scene of the conversation
with *Socrates* on its banks.

End of the FIRST BOOK,

THE



2

+++++

THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.

BOOK the SECOND.

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ARGUMENT of the SECOND BOOK.

THE separation of the works of imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns; to verse 41. Prospect of their re-union under the influence of public liberty; to v. 61. Enumeration of accidental pleasures which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of sense; v. 73. Particular circumstances of the mind; v. 84. Discovery of truth; v. 97. Perception of contrivance and design; v. 121. Emotion of the passions; v. 136. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation, with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror and indignation; from v. 155. to the end.

BOOK II.

WHEN shall the laurel and the vocal string
 Resume their honours? When shall we behold
 The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan hand
 Aspire to antient praise? Alas! how faint,
 How slow the dawn of beauty and of truth 5
 Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
 Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
 Beneath the furies of rapacious force;
 Oft as the gloomy north, with iron-swarms
 Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves, 10
 Blasted th' Italian shore, and swept the works
 Of liberty and wisdom down the gulph
 Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
 In noontide darkness by the glimm'ring lamp,
 Each muse and each fair science pin'd away 15
 The fordid hours; while foul, barbarian hands
 Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
 And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.
 At last the Muses rose, and spurn'd their bonds,
 And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew, 20

At last the Muses rose, &c.] About the age of *Hugh Capet*, the founder of the third race of *French* kings, the poets of *Provençe* were in high reputation; a sort of strolling bards or rhapsodists, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at festivals with music and poetry. They attempted both the epic ode and satire, and abounded in a wild and fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the *Saracen* wars. These were the rudiments of the *Italian* poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; such as *Boiardo*, *Bernardo Tasso*, *Ariosto*, &c.

Their

Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclufa's bow'rs
 To Arno's myrtle border and the shore
 Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
 Of dire ambition and gigantic pow'r,
 From public aims and from the busy walk 25
 Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
 Of penetrating science to the cells,
 Where studious ease consumes the silent hour
 In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
 Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts 30
 Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,

To

Valclufa.] The famous retreat of *Francesco Petrarca*, the father of *Italian* poetry, and his mistress *Laura*, a lady of *Avignon*.

Arno.] The river which runs by *Florence*, the birth-place of *Dante* and *Boccaccio*.

Parthenope.] Or *Naples*, the birth-place of *Sannazaro*. The great *Torquato Tasso* was born at *Sorrento* in the kingdom of *Naples*.

the rage

Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of *Italy*, and the abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with the papal power, intirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has since been propagated over all *Europe*.

Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts, &c.] Nor were they only losers by the separation. For philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, "being thus severed from the "sprightly arts and sciences, must consequently grow dronish, in- "spid, pedantic, useless, and directly opposite to the real know- "ledge and practice of the world." Infomuch, "that a gentle- "man, says another excellent writer, cannot easily bring himself "to like so austere and ungainly a form: so greatly is it changed "from what was once the delight of the finest gentlemen of anti- "quity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs!" From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination; and we have had the plea-
sure

To priestly domination, and the lust
 Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
 For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
 In vain reluctant : and Torquato's tongue 35
 Was turn'd for slavish pæans at the throne
 Of tinsel pomp : and Raphael's magic hand
 Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
 The fond adoring herd in Latin fanes
 To blind belief ; while on their prostrate necks 40
 The sable tyrant plants his heel secure.
 But now behold ! the radiant æra dawns,
 When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
 For endless years on Albion's happy shore
 In full proportion, once more shall extend 45
 To all the kindred pow'rs of social bliss
 A common mansion, a parental roof.
 There shall the virtues, there shall wisdom's train,
 Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
 Embrace the smiling family of arts, 50
 The muses and the graces. Then no more
 Shall vice, distracting their delicious gifts
 To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
 Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
 The patriot-bosom ; then no more the paths 55
 Of public care or intellectual toil,

sure of observing a very great progress made towards their union
 in *England* within these few years. It is hardly possible to con-
 ceive them at a greater distance from each other than at the revo-
 lution, when *Locke* stood at the head of one party, and *Dryden* of
 the other. But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since
 been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to im-
 prove that influence which the arts of persuasion give them with
 the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society.
 Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable ; and philosophy
 is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments, in
 order even to gain audience with the public.

Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
 In gloomy state be trod : th' harmonious muse
 And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
 Their shelt'ring laurels o'er the bleak ascent, 60
 And shed their flow'rs along the rugged way.
 Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
 To pierce divine philosophy's retreats,
 And teach the muse her lore ; already strove
 Their long-divided honours to unite, 65
 While temp'ring this deep argument we sung
 Of truth and beauty. Now the same fair task
 Impends ; now urging our ambitious toil,
 We hasten to recount the various springs
 Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin 70
 Their grateful influence to the prime effect
 Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
 The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
 Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
 To raise harmonious fancy's native charm ? 75
 So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
 Glows not her blush the fairer ? While we view
 Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
 Gush thro' the trickling herbage, to the thirst
 Of summer yielding the delicious draught 80
 Of cool refreshment ; o'er the mossy brink
 Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
 With sweeter music murmur as they flow ?

Nor this alone ; the various lot of life
 Oft from external circumstance assumes 85
 A moment's disposition to rejoice
 In those delights which at a different hour
 Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
 When rural songs and odours wake the morn,
 To every eye ; but how much more to his 90
 Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
 Its

Its melancholy gloom ! how doubly fair,
 When first with fresh-born vigour *he* inhales
 The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
 Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life 95
 Chacing oppressive damps and languid pain !

OR shall I mention, where cœlestial truth
 Her awful light discloses to effulge
 A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame ?
 For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth 100
 More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
 Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
 Than all of taste, his tongue. Nor ever yet
 The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
 To me have shone so pleasing, as when first 105
 The hand of science pointed out the path
 In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
 Fall on the wat'ry cloud, whose darksome veil
 Involves the orient ; and that trickling show'r
 Piercing thro' ev'ry crystalline convex 110
 Of clustering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
 Recoil at length where concave all behind
 Th' internal surface of each glassy orb
 Repels their forward passage into air ;
 That thence direct they seek the radiant goal 115
 From which their course began ; and, as they strike
 In diff'rent lines the gazer's obvious eye,
 Assume a diff'rent lustre, thro' the brede
 Of colours changing from the splendid rose
 To the pale violet's dejected hue. 120

OR shall we touch that kind access of joy,
 That springs to each fair object, while we trace
 Thro' all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
 Disposing every part, and gaining still

By means proportion'd her benignant end ? 125
 Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
 The lamp of science thro' the jealous maze
 Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
 Her secret honours : whether in the sky,
 The beauteous laws of light, the central pow'rs 130
 That wheel the pencil planets round the year ;
 Whether in wonders of the rowling deep,
 Or smiling fruits of pleasure-pregnant earth,
 Or fine adjusted springs of life and sense,
 You scan the counsels of their author's hand. 135

WHAT, when to raise the meditated scene,
 The flame of passion, thro' the struggling soul
 Deep kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
 The object of its rapture, vast of size,
 With fiercer colours and a night of shade ? 140
 What, like a storm from their capacious bed
 The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
 Of these eruptions, working from the depth
 Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
 Ev'n to the base ; from every naked sense 145
 Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
 Opinion's feeble cov'rings, and the veil
 Spun from the cobweb-fashion of the times
 To hide the feeling heart ? then nature speaks
 Her genuine language, and the words of men, 150
 Big with the very motion of their souls,
 Declare with what accumulated force,
 Th' impetuous nerve of passion urges on
 The native weight and energy of things.

YET more ; her honours where nor beauty claims,
 Nor shews of good the thirsty sense allure, 156
 From

From passion's pow'r alone our nature holds
 Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
 Rouzes the mind's whole fabric; with supplies
 Of daily impulse keeps th' elastic pow'rs 160
 Intensely pois'd, and polishes a-new
 By that collision all the fine machine:
 Else rust would rise, and fulness, by degrees
 Incumb'ring, choke at last what heav'n design'd
 For ceaseless motion and a round of toil. 165

—But say, does every passion men endure
 Thus minister delight? that name indeed
 Becomes the rosy breath of love; becomes
 The radiant smiles of joy, th' applauding hand
 Of admiration: but the bitter show'r 170
 That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
 But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
 Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
 Of panting indignation, find we there
 To move delight?—Then listen, while my tongue
 Th' unalter'd will of heav'n with faithful awe 176
 Reveals; what old Harmodius went to teach

From passion's pow'r alone, &c.] This very mysterious kind of pleasure, which is often found in the exercise of passions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by several authors. *Lucretius* resolves it into self-love.

Suave mari magno, &c. lib. II. 1.

As if a man was never pleas'd in being moved at the distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflexion that tho' these fictitious personages were so unhappy, yet he himself was perfectly at ease and in safety. The ingenious and candid author of the *reflexions critiques sur la poesie & sur la peinture* accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and unattentive state: and this, joined with the moral applause of its own temper, which attends these emotions when natural and just, is certainly the true foundation of the pleasure, which, as it is the origin and basis of tragedy and epic, deserved a very particular consideration in this poem.

My early age ; Harmodius, who hath weigh'd
 Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
 Of wisdom, or thy lonely whisp'ring voice, 180
 O faithful nature ! dictate of the laws
 Which govern and support this mighty frame
 Of universal being. Oft the hours
 From morn to eve have stole unmark'd away,
 While mute attention hung upon his lips, 185
 As thus the sage his awful tale began,

'Twas in the windings of an antient wood,
 When spotless youth with solitude resigns
 To sweet philosophy the studious day,
 What time pale autumn shades the silent eve, 190
 Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
 And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd ;
 When starting full of fancy's gushing eye
 The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
 That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd ! 195
 When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,
 Nor Hymen's honour's gather'd for thy brow,
 Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
 Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave ;
 Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell 200
 Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
 As with the hand of death. At once the shade
 More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
 With hoarser murmur'ring shook the branches. Dark
 As midnight storms, the scene of human things 205
 Appear'd before me ; desarts, burning sands,
 Where the parch'd adder dies ; the frozen south,
 And desolation blasting all the west
 With rapine and with murder : tyrant pow'r
 Here sits enthron'd in blood ; the baleful charms 210
 Of superstition there infect the skies,

And

And turn the sun to horror. Gracious heav'n!
What is the life of man? Or cannot these,
Not these portents thy awful will suffice?
That propagated thus beyond their scope,
They rise to act their cruelties a-new
In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed
The universal sensitive of pain,
The wretched heir of evils not its own!

215

Thus I impatient; when at once effus'd,
A flashing torrent of celestial day
Burst thro' the shadowy void. With slow descent
A purple cloud came floating thro' the sky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
And all the shining vision stood reveal'd.
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Æthereal: there in mystic signs engrav'd,
I read his office high and sacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike presence; for athwart his brow
Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
Like distant thunders broke the murmur'ing air.

220

225

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235

240

VAIN are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth,
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
Capacious of this universal frame?

Thy

Thy wisdom all-sufficient ? thou, alas ! 245
 Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord
 Of nature and his works ? to lift thy voice
 Against the sov'reign order he decreed
 All good and lovely ? to blaspheme the bands
 Of tenderness innate and social love, 250
 Holiest of things ! by which the gen'ral orb
 Of being, as with adamantine links,
 Was drawn to perfect union and sustain'd
 From everlasting ? hast thou felt the pangs
 Of soft'ning sorrow, of indignant zeal 255
 So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
 The ties of nature broken from thy frame ;
 That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart
 May cease to mourn its lot, no longer then
 The wretched heir of evils not its own ? 260
 O fair benevolence of gen'rous minds !
 O man by nature form'd for all mankind !

HE spoke ; abash'd and silent I remain'd
 As conscious of my lips' offense, and aw'd
 Before his presence, tho' my secret soul 265
 Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground
 I fix'd my eyes ; till from his airy couch
 He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
 My dazzled forehead, raise thy sight, he cry'd,
 And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue. 270
 I look'd, and lo ! the former scene was chang'd ;
 For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,
 A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
 Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas an horrid pile
 Of hills with many a shaggy forest mix'd, 275
 With many a sable cliff and glitt'ring stream.
 Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
 The brown woods wav'd, while ever-trickling springs
 Wash'd

Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
 The crumbling soil ; and still at every fall 280
 Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock
 Remurm'ring rush'd the congregated floods
 With hoarser inundation ; till at last
 They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
 Of that high desert spread her verdant lap, 285
 And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
 In one smooth current, o'er the the lili'd vale
 Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils
 Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
 Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-incircling mound 290
 As in a sylvan theatre inclos'd
 That flow'ry level. On the river's brink
 I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
 Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
 Of oliers. Now the western sun reveal'd 295
 Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
 And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
 On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
 That cheer'd the solemn scene. My list'ning pow'rs
 Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung, 300
 And wond'ring expectation. Then the voice
 Of that celestial pow'r, the mystic shew
 Declaring thus my deep attention call'd.

INHABITANT of earth, to whom is giv'n
 The gracious ways of providence to learn, 305
 Receive

Inhabitant of earth, &c.] The account of the œconomy of providence here introduced, as the most proper to calm and satisfy the mind, when under the compunction of private evils, seems to have come originally from the *Pythagorean* school : but of all the antient philosophers, *Plato* has most largely insisted upon it, has established it with all the strength of his capacious understanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination

Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear——
 Know then, the sov'reign spirit of the world,
 Tho' self-collected from eternal time,
 Within his own deep essence he beheld
 The circling bounds of happiness unite;
 Yet by immense benignity inclin'd

310

To

gination. He has one passage so full and clear on the head, that I am persuaded the reader will be pleased to see it here, tho' somewhat long. Addressing himself to such as are not satisfied concerning divine providence, "the being who presides over the whole," says he, has disposed and complicated all things for the happiness, "and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and suffers what is fit and proper. One of these parts is yours, O happy man! which tho' in itself most inconsiderable and minute, yet being connected with the universe, ever seeks to co-operate with that supreme order. You in the mean time are ignorant of the very end for which all particular natures are brought into existence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole may be perfect and happy; existing, as it does, not for your sake, but the cause and reason of your existence, which, as in the symmetry of every artificial work, must of necessity concur with the general design of the artist, and be subservient to the whole of which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is ignorant and groundless; since, according to the various energy of creation, and the common laws of nature, there is a constant provision of that which is best at the same time for you and for the whole.—For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all the actions of animated and self-moving creatures, and that mixture of good and evil which diversifies them, considered first of all by what disposition of things, and what situation of each individual in the general system, vice might be depressed and subdued, and virtue made secure of victory and happiness with the greatest facility and in the highest degree possible. In this manner he ordered thro' the entire circle of being, the internal constitution of every mind, where should be its station in the universal fabric, and thro' what variety of circumstances it should proceed in the whole tenor of its existence." He goes on in his sublime manner to assert a future state of retribution, "as well for those who, by the exercise of good dispositions being harmonized and assimilated to the divine virtue, are consequently removed to a place of unblemished sanctity and happiness; as of those who by the
 "most

To spread around him that primæval joy
 Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
 And founded thro' the hollow depth of space
 The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose 315
 These heav'nly orbs, the glad abodes of life
 Effusive kindled by his breath divine
 Thro' endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
 From him its portion of the vital flame,
 In measure such, that, from the wide complex 320
 Of co-existent orders, one might rise,
 One order, all involving and intire.
 He too beholding in the sacred light
 Of his essential reason, all the shapes
 Of swift contingence, all successive ties 325
 Of action propagated thro' the sum
 Of possible existence, he at once,
 Down the long series of eventful time,
 So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
 To every living soul of every kind, 330
 The field of motion and the hour of rest,
 That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
 To universal good : with full accord
 Answering the mighty model he had chose,

" most flagitious arts have arisen from contemptible beginnings to
 " the greatest affluence and power, and whom therefore you look
 " upon as unanswerable instances of negligence in the Gods, be-
 " cause you are ignorant of the purposes to which they are sub-
 " servient, and in what manner they contribute to that supreme
 " intention of good to the whole." Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, especially abroad, in a
 manner which subverts the freedom of human actions ; whereas
 Plato appears very careful to preserve it, and has been in that re-
 spect imitated by the best of his followers.

— one might rise,

One order, &c.] See the meditations of Antoninus, and the
 characteristics, passim.

The

The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds 335
 That lay from everlasting in the store
 Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
 By *one* exertion of creating pow'r
 His goodness to reveal; thro' every age,
 Thro' every moment up the tract of time, 340
 His parent-hand with ever-new increase
 Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
 The vast harmonious frame: his parent-hand,
 From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
 To men, to angels, to cœlestial minds 345
 For ever leads the generations on
 To higher scenes of being; while supply'd
 From day to day by his enliv'ning breath,
 Inferior orders in succession rise
 To fill the void below. As flame ascends, 350
 As bodies to their proper center move,
 As the pois'd ocean to th' attracting moon
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
 Devolves its winding waters to the main;
 So all things which have life aspire to God, 355
 The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,

The best and fairest, &c.] This opinion is so old, that *Timeus* *Locrus* calls the supreme being, *δυναστεύς τῷ βελτίονι*, the artificer of that which is best; and represents him as resolving in the beginning to produce the most excellent work, and as copying the world most exactly from his own intelligible and essential idea; so that it yet remains, as it was at first, perfect in beauty, and will never stand in need of any correction or improvement. There is no room for a caution here, to understand these expressions, not of any particular circumstances of human life separately considered, but of the sum or universal system of life and being. See also the vision at the end of the *Theodicee* of *Leibnitz*.

As flame ascends, &c.] This opinion, tho' not held by *Plato* or any of the antients, is yet a very natural consequence of his principles. But the disquisition is too complex and extensive to be entered upon here.

Center

Center of souls ! nor does the faithful voice
 Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
 Aright ; nor is the care of heav'n withheld
 From granting to the task proportion'd aid ; 360
 That in their stations all may persevere
 To climb th' ascent of being, and approach
 For ever nearer to the life divine.

THAT rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn
 Fresh water'd from the mountains. Let the scene
 Paint in thy fancy the primæval seat 366
 Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
 His mansion, that pavilion fair diffus'd
 Along the shady brink ; in this recess
 To wear th' appointed season of his youth, 370
 Till riper hours should open to his toil
 The high communion of superior minds,
 Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
 Nor did the fire omnipotent forget
 His tender bloom to cherish ; nor withheld 375
 Cœlestial footsteps from his green abode.
 Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
 He sent whom most he lov'd, the sov'reign fair,
 The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
 Before his eyes for ever to behold ; 380
 The goddess from whose inspiration flows
 The toil of patriots, the delight of friends ;
 Without whose work divine, in heav'n or earth,
 Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,
 Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the fire 385
 Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
 The folded pow'rs to open, to direct
 The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
 And from the laws of this majestic world
 To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
 E Her

Her daily care attended, by her side 391
 With constant steps her gay companion stay'd,
 The fair Euphrosyné, the gentle queen
 Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
 That cheer alike the hearts of mortal man 395
 And pow'rs immortal. See the shining pair!
 Behold where from his dwelling now disclos'd,
 They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.

I look'd, and-on the flow'ry turf there stood
 Between two radiant forms a smiling youth, 400
 Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flow'r
 Of beauty; sweetest innocence illum'd
 His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
 Sat young simplicity. With fond regard
 He view'd th' associates, as their steps they mov'd;
 The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd, 406
 With mild regret invoking her return.
 Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
 Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
 O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd; 410
 And smiles eternal, from her candid eyes,
 Flow'd like the dewy lustre of the morn,
 Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
 The spring of heav'n had shed its blushing spoils
 To bind her sable tresses; full diffus'd 415
 Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
 And in her hand she wav'd a living branch
 Rich with immortal fruits, of pow'r to calm
 The wrathful heart, and from the bright'ning eyes
 To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime 420
 The heav'nly partner mov'd. The prime of age
 Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,
 High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,
 From each majestic motion darted awe,

Devoted

Devoted awe ! till, cherish'd by her looks 425
 Benevolent and meek, confiding love
 To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
 Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
 Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
 Display'd the old simplicity of pomp 430
 Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
 White as the sun-shine streams thro' vernal clouds,
 Her stately form invest'd. Hand in hand
 Th' immortal pair forsook th' enamell'd green,
 Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light 435
 Gleam'd round their path; celestial sounds were heard,
 And thro' the fragrant air æthereal dews
 Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds,
 Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
 Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse 440
 Of empyréan flame, where spent and drown'd,
 Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
 What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
 Endur'd not. Bending down to earth I stood,
 With dumb attention. Soon a female voice, 445
 As wat'ry murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,
 With sacred invocation thus began.

FATHER of gods and mortals ! whose right arm
 With reins eternal guides the moving heav'ns,
 Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well-pleas'd 450
 I seek to finish thy divine decree.
 With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
 Of man, thy offspring; from the tender seeds
 Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
 The latent honours of his gen'rous frame; 455
 Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
 From earth's dim scene to these æthereal walks,
 The temple of thy glory. But not me,

Not my directing voice he oft requires,
 Or hears delighted : this enchanting maid, 460
 Th' associate thou hast giv'n me, her alone
 He loves, O father ! absent, her he craves ;
 And but for her glad presence ever join'd,
 Rejoices not in mine : that all my hopes
 This thy benignant purpose to fulfil, 465
 I deem uncertain ; and my daily cares
 Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
 Still farther aided in the work divine.

SHE ceas'd ; a voice more awful thus reply'd.
 O thou ! in whom for ever I delight, 470
 Fairer than all th' inhabitants of heav'n,
 Best image of thy author ! far from thee
 Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame ;
 Who soon or late shalt every work fulfil,
 And no resistance find. If man refuse 475
 To hearken to thy dictates ; or, allur'd
 By meaner joys, to any other pow'r
 Transfer the honours due to thee alone ;
 That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
 That pow'r in whom delighteth ne'er behold. 480
 Go then once more, and happy be thy toil ;
 Go then ! but let not this thy smiling friend
 Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold !
 With thee the son of Nemesis I send ;
 The fiend abhorr'd ! whose vengeance takes account
 Of sacred order's violated laws. 486
 See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
 Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
 On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
 Controul his cruel phrenzy, and protect 490
 Thy tender charge ; that, when despair shall grasp
 His agonizing bosom, he may learn,

Then

Then he may learn to love the gracious hand,
 Alone sufficient in that hour of ill
 To save his feeble spirit ; then confess 495
 Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair !
 When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
 Of this avenging dæmon, all the storms
 Of night infernal, serve but to display
 The energy of thy superior charms, 500
 With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
 And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.

HERE ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
 The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
 Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire 505
 Shelt'ring my eye-lids. Looking up I view'd
 A vast gigantic spectre striding on
 Thro' murm'ring thunders and a waste of clouds,
 With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
 Relentless frowns involv'd. His savage limbs 510
 With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,
 As thro' convulsive anguish ; and his hand,
 Arm'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd
 In madness to his bosom ; while his eyes
 Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook 515
 The void with horror. Silent by his side
 The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd
 Her features. From the glooms which hung around,
 No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
 Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop 520
 Upon the river-bank ; and now, to hail
 His wonted guests, with eager steps advanc'd
 The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
 Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn 525
 Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
 Of some lone village, a neglected kid,

That strays along the wild for herb or spring ;
 Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
 And thinks he tears him ; so with tenfold rage, 530
 The monster sprung remorseless on his prey :
 Amaz'd the stripling stood ; with panting breast
 Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
 Of helpless consternation, struck at once,
 And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld 535
 His terror, and with looks of tend'rest care
 Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
 Her awful pow'r. His keen, tempestuous arm
 Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
 Had aim'd the deadly blow : then dumb retir'd 540
 With sullen rancour. Lo ! the sov'reign maid
 Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
 Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek ;
 Then grasps his hand, and cheers him with her tongue.

O wake thee, rouse thy spirit ! Shall the spite 545
 Of yon tormenter thus appall thy heart,
 While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
 To rescue and to heal ? O let thy soul
 Remember, what the will of heav'n ordains
 Is ever good for all ; and if for all, 550
 Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
 And soothing sun-shine of delightful things
 Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled
 By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
 Of reason wander thro' a fatal road, 555
 Far from their native aim : as if to lye
 Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
 The soft accels of ever circling joys,
 Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,
 This pleasing error did it never lull 560
 Thy wishes ? Has thy constant heart refus'd
 The silken fetters of delicious ease ?
 Or when divine Euphrosyné appear'd

Within

Book II. OF IMAGINATION. 55

Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
 Hang far below that measure of thy fate, 565
 Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
 Impatient of my counsels, turn away
 To drink the soft effusion of her smiles?
 Know then for this the everlasting fire
 Deprives thee of her presence, and instead, 570
 O wife and still benevolent! ordains
 This horrid visage hither to pursue
 My steps; that so thy nature may discern
 Its real good, and what alone can save
 Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill 575
 From folly and despair. O yet belov'd!
 Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
 Thy scatter'd pow'rs; nor fatal deem the rage
 Of this tormenter, nor his proud assault,
 While I am here to vindicate thy toil, 580
 Above the gen'rous question of thy arm.
 Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,
 This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
 And dare him to the combat; then, with ease
 Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns 585
 To bondage and to scorn: while thus inur'd
 By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
 Th' immortal mind, superior to his fate,
 Amid the outrage of external things,
 Firm as the solid base of this great world, 590
 Rests on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
 Ye waves! ye thunders! rowl your tempests on;
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
 Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
 Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene, 595
 Th' unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck,
 And ever stronger as the storms advance,
 Firm thro' the closing ruin holds his way,
 Where nature calls him to the destin'd goal.

So spake the goddess; while thro' all her frame
 Cœlestial raptures flow'd in every word, 605
 In every motion kindling warmth divine
 To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift
 As light'ning flies the aromatic shade
 In Æthiopian fields, the stripling felt 605
 Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
 And starting from his langour, thus exclaim'd.

Then let the trial come, and witness thou,
 If terror be upon me; if I shrink
 To meet the storm, or falter in my strength 610
 When hardest it besets me. Do not think
 That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
 As late thy eyes beheld: for thou hast chang'd
 My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
 My languid pow'rs to bear me boldly on, 615
 Where'er the will divine my path ordains
 Thro' toil or peril: only do not thou
 Forsake me; O be thou for ever near,
 That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
 And guide by thy decrees my constant feet. 620
 But say, for ever are my eyes bereft?
 Say, shall the fair Euphrosyné not once
 Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heav'n!
 O thou eternal arbiter of things!
 Be thy great bidding done: for who am I 625
 To question thy appointment? Let the frowns
 Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
 The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp
 With double night my dwelling; I will learn
 To hail them both, and unrepining bear 630
 His hateful presence: but permit my tongue
 One glad request, and if my deeds may find
 Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
 The rosy-featur'd maid; again to chear
 This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles. 635

HE spoke; when instant thro' the sable glooms
 With which that furious presence had involv'd
 The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
 Swift as the light'ning-flash; the melting clouds
 Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene 640
 Euphrosyné appear'd. With sprightly step
 The nymph alighted on th'irriguous lawn,
 And to her wond'ring audience thus began.

Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,
 And be the meeting fortunate! I come 645
 With joyful tidings; we shall part no more—
 Hark! how the gentle Echo from her cell
 Talks thro' the cliffs, and murm'ring o'er the stream
 Repeats the accent; we shall part no more.
 O my delightful friends! well-pleas'd on high 650
 The father has beheld you, while the might
 Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
 Your equal doings; then for ever spake
 The high decree; that thou, cœlestial maid!
 Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps 655
 May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
 Shalt thou, descending to th' abode of man,
 Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
 Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyné behind.

SHE ended; and the whole romantic scene 660
 Immediate vanish'd: rocks, and woods, and rills,
 The mantling tent, and each mysterious form
 Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
 When sun-shine fills the bed. A while I stood
 Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant pow'r 665
 Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
 As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks
 Preventing my inquiry, thus began.

THERE

THERE let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
 How blind, how impious! There, behold the ways
 Of heav'n's eternal destiny to man, 671
 For ever just, benevolent and wise!
 That VIRTUE's awful steps, howe'er pursu'd
 By vexing fortune and intrusive PAIN,
 Should never be divided from her chaste, 675
 Her fair attendant PLEASURE. Need I urge
 Thy tardy thought through all the various round
 Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
 At length may learn what energy the hand-
 Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide 680
 Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
 Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd-
 So often fills his arms; so often draws 685
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
 O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise 690
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture——Ask the croud
 Which flies impatient from the village-walk
 To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below 695
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
 Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
 The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
 While every mother closer to her breast 700
 Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
 Foam thro' the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
 As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
 For

For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock, 705
Drops lifeless down : O deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature giv'n
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No sweetly melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs 710
To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart. When at the midnight hour,
Slow thro' that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs 715
Of Græcian bards, and records wrote by fame
For Græcian heroes, where the present pow'r
Of heav'n and earth surveys th' immortal page,
Ev'n as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul, 720
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds, and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens in thy view,
When, rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown 725
Of curst ambition; when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r, the majesty of rule, 730
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust 735
And storied arch, to glut the coward rage
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the muse's haunt,

The

The marble porch where wisdom went to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more, 740
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
 Or female superstition's midnight pray'r ;
 When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
 To sweep the works of glory from their base ; 745
 Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
 Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake thro' hoary weeds
 That clasp the mould'ring column ; thus defac'd, 750
 Thus widely mournful, when the prospect thrills
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunder-bolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow, 755
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car ;
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress ? Or would'st thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd 760
 Of mute barbarians, bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold invested front,
 And says within himself, " I am a king,
 " And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of woe
 " Intrude upon mine ear ? " — The baleful dregs 765
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Blest be th' eternal ruler of the world !
 Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame,
 The native honours of the human soul, 770
 Nor so effac'd the image of its fire.

End of the SECOND BOOK.

THE

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THE
PLEASURES
OF
IMAGINATION.

BOOK the THIRD.

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ARGUMENT of the THIRD BOOK.

PLEASURE in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd; v. 1. to 14. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil; v. 14, to 62. Inquiry into ridicule; v. 73. The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated; v. 14, to 240. Final cause of the sense of ridicule; v. 263. The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind; v. 282, to 311. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, described; v. 358, to 414. The secondary pleasure from imitation; to v. 436. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connexion of these pleasures with the objects which excite them; v. 458, to 514. The nature and conduct of taste; v. 515, to 567. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well-formed imagination.

BOOK III.

WHAT wonder therefore, since th' indearing ties
Of passion link the universal kind
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature thro' the various change
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms? The spacious west,
And all the teeming regions of the south
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair
As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
Of love invite; nor only where th' applause
Of cordial honour turns th' attentive eye
On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehensions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; so haply where the pow'rs
Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge

The

-where the pow'rs

Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life, is one of the most important points in moral philosophy. It were easy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almost all the passions, and mixes with almost every circumstance of action or pleasure. Let any man, even of the coldest head and soberest industry, analyze the idea of what he calls his interest; he will find that it consists chiefly of certain images of decency, beauty, and order, variously combined into one system, the idol which he seeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and self-denial. It is on this account of the last consequence to regulate these images by the standard of nature and the general good;

The images of things, but paint in all
 Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
 In nature; there opinion will be true,
 And action right. For action treads the path

20

In

good; otherwise the imagination, by heightening some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the laws of the moral order.

If it be objected that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions prior to all circumstances of education or fortune; it may be answered, that tho' no man is born *ambitious* or a *miser*, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others on the contrary with the elegant and gentle aspects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the imagination; that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While those who are charmed rather with the *delicacy* and *sweetness* of colours, and forms, and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

Among the antient philosophers, tho' we have several hints concerning this influence of the imagination upon morals among the remains of the *Socratic* school, yet the *Stoics* were the first who paid it a due attention. *Zeno*, their founder, thought it impossible to preserve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inspecting those pictures or appearances of things which the imagination offers to the mind. (*Diog. Laert. l. vii.*) The meditations of *M. Aurelius*, and the discourses of *Epictetus*, are full of the same sentiments: insomuch that this latter makes the *χεῖρις οὐκ ἔστι φαντασία*, or *right management of the fancies*, the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than stupid or frantic. *Arrian l. i. c. 12.*

&c

In which opinion says he follows good,
 Or flies from evil ; and opinion gives 25
 Report of good or evil, as the scene
 Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd :
 Thus her report can never there be true
 Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
 With glaring colours and distorted lines. 30
 Is there a man who at the sound of death
 Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
 And black before him ; nought but death-bed groans
 And fearful pray'rs, and plunging from the brink
 Of light and being, down the gloomy air, 35
 An unknown depth ? Alas ! in such a mind,
 If no bright forms of excellence attend
 The image of his country ; nor the pomp
 Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
 Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes 40
 The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame ;
 Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
 Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
 Than to *betray* his country ? And in act
 Will he not choose to be a wretch and live ? 45
 Here vice begins then. From th' enchanting cup
 Which fancy holds to all, th' unwary thirst
 Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,
 That shades a baleful tincture o'er the eye
 Of reason, till no longer he discerns, 50
 And only guides to err. Then revel forth
 A furious band that spurn him from the throne ;
 And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
 The empire of the soul : thus pale revenge
 Unsheaths her murd'rous dagger ; and the hands 55

& l. ii. c. 22. See also the Characteristics, vol. i. from p. 313. to p. 321: where this *Stoical* doctrine is embellished with all the eloquence of the graces of *Plato*.

Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
 Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
 That keeps them from their prey : thus all the plagues
 The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
 The tragic muse discloses under shapes 60
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease or pomp,
 Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
 Those lying forms which fancy in the brain
 Engenders, are the kindling passions driv'n
 To guilty deeds ; nor reason bound in chains, 65
 That vice alone may lord it : oft adorn'd
 With solemn pageants, folly mounts his throne,
 And plays her idiot-antics, like a queen.
 A thousand garbs she wears ; a thousand ways
 She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo ! thus far 70
 With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
 I sing of nature's charms, and touch well-pleas'd
 A stricter note : now haply must my song
 Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
 In lighter strains, how folly's awkward arts 75
 Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke ;
 The sportive province of the comic muse.

SEE ! in what crouds the uncouth forms advance ;
 Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
 Our careful search, and offer to your gaze, 80

—————how folly's awkward arts, &c.] Notwithstanding the
 general influence of *ridicule* on private and civil life, as well as on
 learning and the sciences, it has been almost constantly neglected
 or misrepresented, by divines especially. The manner of treating
 these subjects in the science of human nature should be precisely
 the same as in natural philosophy ; from particular facts to inve-
 stigate the stated order in which they appear, and then apply the
 general law, thus discovered, to the explication of other appear-
 ances and the improvement of useful arts.

Unask'd

Unask'd, his motley features. Wait a while,
My curious friends ! and let us first arrange
In proper orders your promiscuous throng.

BEHOLD the foremost band ; of slender thought,
And easy faith ; whom flatt'ring fancy loaths 85
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasure to the sun,
And bid the world admire ! but chief the glance 90
Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In number boundless as the blooms of spring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty shapes
By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up 95
For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal band, and sable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendor, steely pikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes 100
Inwrought with flow'ring gold, assume the port
Of stately valour : list'ning by his side
There stands a female form ; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms, 105
And sulph'rous mines, and ambush : then at once
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wond'ring questions of her fears.
Others of graver mien ; behold, adorn'd

Behold the foremost band, &c.] The first and most general source of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity or self-applause for some desirable quality or possession which evidently does not belong to those who assume it.

With

With holy ensigns, how sublime they move, 110
 And bending o'er their sanctimonious eyes,
 Take homage of the simple-minded throng ;
 Ambassadors of heav'n ! Nor much unlike
 Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
 That mantles every feature, hides a brood 115
 Of politic conceits ; of whispers, nods,
 And hints deep-omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
 And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
 Pour dauntless in and swell the boastful band. 120

THEN comes the second order ; all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
 Darts thro' the thin pretence her squinting eye
 On some retir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuis th' applause 125
 That justice else would pay. Here side by side
 I see two leaders of the solemn train
 Approaching : one a female old and grey,
 With eyes demure and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of death ; yet still she stuns 130
 The sick'ning audience with a nauseous tale ;
 How many youths her myrtle chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd !
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart ;
 Such is her terror at the risques of love, 135
 And man's seducing tongue ! The other seems
 A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,

Then comes the second order, &c.] Ridicule from the same vanity, where tho' the possession be real, yet no merit can arise from it, because of some particular circumstances, which, tho' obvious to the spectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

And

And sordid all his habit ; peevish want
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
 He stalks, resounding in magnificent phraze 140
 The vanity of riches, the contempt
 Of pomp and pow'r. Be prudent in your zeal,
 Ye grave associates ! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold 145
 The praise of spotless honour : let the man
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
 And ample store, but as indulgent streams
 To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
 Of joy, let them by juster measure fix 150
 The price of riches and the end of pow'r.

ANOTHER tribe succeeds ; deluded long
 By fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
 The images of some peculiar things
 With brighter hues resplendent, and portray'd 155
 With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
 Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
 Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms ;
 Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn,
 Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays ; 160
 And serious manhood from the tow'ring aim
 Of wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast
 Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
 Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells !
 Not with intenser brow the Samian sage 165
 Bent his fixt eye on heaven's eternal fires,

Another tribe succeeds, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects disproportioned to their intrinsic value, and inconsistent with the order of nature.

When

When first the order of that radiant scene
 Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
 A muck-worm's intrails or a spider's fang.
 Next him a youth, with flow'rs and myrtles crown'd,
 Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels, 171
 With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
 To win her coy regard : adieu, for him,
 The dull engagements of the bustling world !
 Adieu the sick impertinence of praise ! 175
 And hope, and action ! for with her alone,
 By streams and shades, to steal the sighing hours,
 Is all he asks, and all that fate can give !
 Thee too, facetious Momion wand'ring here,
 Thee, dreaded censor, oft have I beheld 180
 Bewilder'd unawares : alas ! too long
 Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
 Of fly derision ! till on every side
 Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
 Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves 185
 Of folly. Thy once formidable name
 Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
 In scoffs and mock'ry bandied from the lips
 Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
 So oft the patient victims of thy scorn. 190

BUT now, ye gay ! to whom indulgent fate,
 Of all the muses' empire hath assign'd
 The fields of folly, hither each advance
 Your sickles ; here the teeming soil affords
 Its richest growth. A fav'rite brood appears ; 195

But now, ye gay, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence,
 where the object is absolutely odious or contemptible. This is
 the highest degree of the ridiculous ; as in the affectation of dis-
 cases or vices.

In

In whom the dæmon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye most illustrious band!
Who scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant 200
For souls sublime as yours, with gen'rous zeal
Pay vice the rev'rence virtue long usurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applause
Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my song,
That for the blushing diffidence of youth, 205
It shuns th' unequal province of your praise.

Thus far, triumphant in the pleasing guile
Of bland imagination, folly's train
Have dar'd our search: but now a dastard-kind
Advance reluctant, and with fault'ring feet 210
Shrink from the gazer's eye: infebled hearts,
Whom fancy chills with visionary fears,
Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave 215
Who droops abash'd when sullen pomp surveys
His humbler habit: here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and froze with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
At every dream of danger: here subdued 220
By frontless laughter and the hardy scorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul,
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
Of temperance and honour; half disowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride; 225

Thus far, triumphant, &c.] Ridicule from false shame or groundless fear.

And

And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.

LAST of the motley bands on whom the pow'r
Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful ignorance presides. 230
Beneath her fordid banners, lo ! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, confusion strait appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Thro' many a maze,
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path, 235
O'erturning every purpose ; then at last
Sit down dilinay'd, and leave th' entangled scene
For scorn to sport with. Such then is th' abode
Of folly in the mind ; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train. 240

THRO' ev'ry scene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenor of my devious lay ;
Thro' every swift occasion, which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her sallying nerves and choaks her tongue ;
What were it but to count each crystal drop 246
Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distill ? Suffice it to have said,
Where'er

Last of the, &c.] Ridicule from the ignorance of such things
as our circumstances require us to know.

— *Suffice it to have said, &c.]* By comparing
these general sources of ridicule with each other, and examining
the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition
of it equally applicable to every species. The most important
circumstance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to ;
but others more minute we shall subjoin here. Aristotle's account
of the matter seems both imperfect and false ; τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον,
says he, ἐστὶ ἀμάρτυμα τι καὶ αἰσχρὸν, ἀποδυνον καὶ ἐφθαρτικόν.
the

Where'er the pow'r of ridicule displays
 Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form, 250
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
 Strikes on the quick observer : whether pomp,
 Or

the ridiculous is some certain fault or turpitude without pain, and not destructive to its subject. (Poetic. c. v.) For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many instances of such a fault or turpitude, which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not distinguish the thing defined. Nay farther, even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the destruction of its subject, we may still be sensible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener sensations of pity or terror banish the ludicrous apprehension from our minds. For the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas ; but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement, and yet not feel ridiculous, because it is ingrossed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that some men think those objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name ; because in them they excite a much intenser and more important feeling. And this difference, among other causes, has brought a good deal of confusion into this question.

‘ That which makes objects ridiculous, is some ground of admiration or esteem connected with other more general circumstances, comparatively worthless or deformed ; or it is some circumstance of turpitude or deformity connected with what is in general excellent or beautiful : the inconsistent properties existing either in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate ; belonging always to the same order or class of being, implying sentiment or design ; and exciting no acute or vehement emotion of the heart.’

To prove the several parts of this definition : *the appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a general condition comparatively sordid or deformed*, is ridiculous ; for instance, pompous pretensions to wisdom joined with ignorance and folly in the *Socrates* of *Aristophanes* ; and the applause of military glory with cowardice and stupidity in the *Thrasé* of *Terence*.

The appearance of deformity or turpitude, in conjunction with what is in general excellent or venerable, is also ridiculous : for instance,

Or praise, or beauty mix their partial claim
 Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul deformity are wont to dwell; 255
 Or whether these with violation loath'd,
 Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
 The charms of beauty or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end th' almighty fire

In

the personal weaknesses of a magistrate appearing in the solemn and public functions of his station.

The incongruous properties may either exist in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate: in the last-mentioned instances they both exist in the objects; in the instance from Aristophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehension of the ridiculous character.

The inconsistent properties must belong to the same order or class of being. A coxcomb in fine cloaths, bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object, because his general apprehension of excellence and esteem is referred to the splendor and expence of his dress. A man of sense and merit in the same circumstances, is not counted ridiculous; because the general ground of excellence and esteem in him, is, both in fact and in his own apprehension, of a very different species.

Every ridiculous object implies sentiment or design. A column placed by an architect without a capital or base, is laughed at: the same column in a ruin, causes a very different sensation.

And lastly, the occurrence must excite no acute or vehement emotion of the heart, such as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that case, as was observed above, the mind is not at leisure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this description; and whether it comprehend every species and form of the ridiculous, must be determined by repeated applications of it to particular instances.

Ask we for what fair end, &c.] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a natural sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assigned to justify the supreme being for bestowing it; one cannot without astonishment re-
 flect

In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt, 260
 These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
 Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
 The tardy steps of reason, and at once

By

fect on the conduct of those men who imagine it is for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cause. Ridicule is not concerned with mere speculative truth or falsehood. It is not in abstract propositions or theorems, but in actions and passions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all these terms are *relative*, implying approbation or blame. To ask then *whether ridicule be a test of the truth*, is, in other words, to ask whether that which is ridiculous can be *morally true*, can be just and becoming; or whether that which is just and becoming, can be ridiculous. A question that does not deserve a serious answer. For it is most evident, that as in a metaphysical proposition offered to the understanding for its assent, the faculty of reason examines the terms of the proposition, and finding one idea which was supposed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of consequence rejects the proposition as a falsehood: so in objects offered to the mind for its esteem or applause, the faculty of ridicule feeling an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we observe such a claim, obtruded upon mankind, and the inconsistent circumstances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our business, if the matter be of importance to society, to drag out those latent circumstances, and by setting them full to our view, convince the world how ridiculous the claim is; and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the *moral falsehood* sooner than in the way of speculative inquiry, and impress the minds of men with a stronger sense of the vanity and error of its authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is said, the practice is dangerous, and may be inconsistent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I answer, the practice fairly managed can *never be dangerous*; men may be dishonest in obtruding circumstances *foreign to the object*, and we may be inadvertent in allowing those *circumstances* to impose upon us; but the sense of ridicule always judges right: the *Socrates of Aristophanes* is as *truly ridiculous a character* as ever was drawn.—True; but it is not the character of *Socrates*, the divine moralist and father of *antient wisdom*. What then? did the

By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
 The giddy airs of folly? tho' the light 265
 Of truth slow-dawning on th' inquiring mind,
 At length unfolds, thro' many a subtle tie,
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil; yet benignant heav'n,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears 270
 To thousands; conscious what a scanty pause
 From labours and from care, the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of nature; therefore stamp'd
 The glaring scenes with characters of scorn 275
 As broad, as obvious to the passing clown,
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

SUCH are the various aspects of the mind---
 Some heav'nly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
 Attain that secret harmony which blends 280
 Th' æthereal spirit with its mould of clay;
 O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
 That searchless nature o'er the sense of man
 Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,

The

ridicule of the poet hinder the philosopher from detecting and dis-
 claiming those foreign circumstances which he had falsely introdu-
 ced into his character, and thus rendering the satirist doubly ridi-
 culous in his turn? no: but it nevertheless had an ill influence on
 the minds of the people. And so has the reasoning of *Spinoza* made
 many Atheists: he has founded it indeed on suppositions utterly
 false, but allow him these, and his conclusions are unavoidably
 true. And if we must reject the use of ridicule, because, by the
 imposition of false circumstances, things may be made to seem ri-
 diculous which are not so in themselves; why we ought not in the
 same manner to reject the use of reason, because, by proceeding on
 false principles, conclusions will appear true which are impossible
 in nature, let the vehement and obstinate declaimers against ridi-
 cule determine.

The inexpressive semblance of himself, 285
 Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods
 That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
 With what religious awe the solemn scene
 Commands your steps! as if the reverend form
 Of Minos or of Numa should forsake 290
 Th' Elysian seats, and down th' imbow'ring glade
 Move to your pausing eye! Behold th' expanse
 Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds
 Flit o'er the heav'ns before the sprightly breeze:
 Now their grey cincture skirts the doubtful sun; 295
 Now streams of splendor, thro' their opening veil
 Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn
 Th' aerial shadows; on the curling brook,
 And on the shady margin's quiv'ring leaves
 With quickest lustre glancing: while you view 300
 The prospect, say, within your chearful breast
 Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth,
 With clouds and sun-shine chequer'd, while the round
 Of social converse, to th' inspiring tongue
 Of some gay nymph amid her subject train, 305
 Moves all-obsequious? whence is this effect,
 This kindred pow'r of such discordant things?
 Or flows their semblance from that mythic tone
 To which the new-born mind's harmonious pow'rs
 At first were strung? or rather from the links 310
 Which artful custom twines around her frame?

For when the diff'rent images of things,
 By chance combin'd, have struck th' attentive soul
 With deeper impulse, or connected long,

*The inexpressive semblance, &c.] This similitude is the foundation
 of almost all the ornaments of poetic diction.*

Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er distinct 315
 Th' external scenes, yet oft th' ideas gain
 From that conjunction an eternal tie,
 And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
 Recal one partner of the various league,
 Immediate, lo! the firm confed'rates rise, 320
 And each his former station strait resumes:
 One movement governs the consenting throng,
 And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
 Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
 'Twas thus, if antient fame the truth unfold, 325
 Two faithful needles, from th' informing touch
 Of the same parent-stone, together drew
 Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
 With fatal impulse quiv'ring to the pole:
 Then, tho' disjoin'd by kingdoms, tho' the main 330
 Rowl'd its broad surge betwixt, and diff'rent stars
 Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
 The former friendship, and remember'd still
 Th' alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
 Which one possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew 335
 The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
 He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
 Such is the secret union, when we feel
 A song, a flow'r, a name at once restore
 Those long connected scenes where first they mov'd 340
 Th' attention; backward thro' her mazy walks
 Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
 To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
 Of painted forms, of passions and designs

*Two faithful needles, &c.] See the elegant poem recited by
 Cardinal Bembo in the character of Lucretius; Strada Prolus. vi.
 Academ. 2. c. 5.*

Attendant:

Attendant: whence, if pleasing in itself, 345
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the list'ning mind.

By these mysterious ties the busy pow'r
Of mem'ry her ideal train preserves
Intire; or, when they would elude her watch, 350
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic art, 354
Their largest choice: like spring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will, from their selected spoils
To work her dulcet food. For not th' expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noon-tide calm, 359
Reflects the bordering shade and sun-bright heav'ns
With fairer semblance; not the sculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whose birth the sister-pow'rs of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind; 365
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of nature. There alone, unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling chord
Resounds for ever in th' abstracted ear, 370
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,

By these mysterious ties, &c.] The act of remembering seems almost wholly to depend on the association of ideas.

The

The child of fancy oft in silence bends 375
 O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
 With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
 To frame he knows not what excelling things;
 And win he knows not what sublime reward
 Of praise and wonder. By degrees the mind 380
 Feels her young nerves dilate: the plastic pow'rs
 Labour for action: blind emotions heave
 His bosom; and with loveliest phrenzy caught,
 From earth to heav'n he rolls his daring eye,
 From heav'n to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes,
 Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call, 386
 Fleet swift before him. From the womb of earth,
 From ocean's bed they come: th' eternal heav'ns
 Disclose their splendors, and the dark abyss
 Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze 390
 He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
 Their diff'rent forms; now blends them, now divides;
 Inlarges and extenuates by turns;
 Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands;
 And infinitely varies. Hither now, 395
 Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
 With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
 Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
 And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
 Of nature at the voice divine repair'd 400
 Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
 Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
 Sprung up the blue serene; by swift degrees
 Thus disentangled, his entire design
 Emerges. Colours mingle, features join, 405
 And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
 The fairer eminent in light advance;
 And every image on its neighbour smiles,

A while he stands, and with a father's joy
 Contemplates. Then, with Promethéan art, 410
 Into its proper vehicle he breathes
 The fair conception ; which imbody'd thus,
 And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
 An object ascertain'd : while thus inform'd,
 The various organs of his mimic skill, 415
 The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
 The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
 Beyond their proper pow'rs attract the soul
 By that expressive semblance, while in sight
 Of nature's great original we scan 420
 The lively child of art : while line by line,
 And feature after feature, we refer
 To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
 Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
 Betwixt 'em wav'ring hangs : applauding love 425
 Doubts where to chide ; and mortal man aspires
 To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
 Of gath'ring hail with limpid crusts of ice
 Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,
 Collects his large effulgence ; 'trait the heav'ns 430
 With equal flames present on either hand
 The radiant visage : Persia stands at gaze,
 Appall'd , and on the brink of Ganges waits
 The inowy-velted leer, in Mithra's name,
 To which the fragrance of the south shall burn, 435
 To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Into its proper vehicle, &c.] This relates to the different sorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artist are rendered palpable to the senses ; as by sounds, in music ; by lines and shadows, in painting ; by diction, in poetry, &c.

SUCH

SUCH various bliss the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
 Favour'd of heav'n ! While, plung'd in sordid cares,
 Th' unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine :
 And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke 440
 Young love and smiling wonder shrink away,
 Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
 Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
 Perhaps ev'n now, some cold fastidious judge
 Casts a disdainful eye ; and calls my toil, 445
 And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
 The dream of folly. Thou grave censor ! say,
 Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
 Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense
 To let her shine upon thee ? so the man 450
 Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heav'n,
 Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells
 Of the gay, colour'd radiance flushing bright
 O'er all creation. From the wise be far
 Such gross, unhallow'd pride ; nor needs my song
 Descend so low ; but rather now unfold, 456
 If human thoughts could reach, or words unfold,
 By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
 The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
 Result from airy motion ; and from shape 460
 The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
 By what fine ties hath GOD connected things
 When present in the mind ; which in themselves
 Have no connexion ? Sure the rising sun,
 O'er the ærean convex of the sea, 465
 With equal brightness and with equal warmth
 Might roll his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul
 Thus feel her frame expanded, and her pow'rs
 Exulting in the splendor she beholds ;
 Like a young conqueror moving thro' the pomp 470
 Of

Of some triumphal day. When, join'd at eve,
 Soft murmur'ing streams and gales of gentlest breath
 Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
 Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
 Thro' all its tones the symphony pursue, 475
 Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
 Steal thro' his veins and fan th' awaken'd heart,
 Mild as the breeze, yet rapt'rous as the song?

BUT were not nature still endow'd at large
 With all which life requires, tho' unadorn'd 480
 With such enchantment: wherefore then her form
 So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd
 With such æthereal sweetness? whence her voice
 Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
 Th' impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of light
 Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp 486
 Than fancy can describe? whence but from thee,
 O source divine of ever-flowing love,
 And thy unmeasur'd goodness? not content
 With every food of life to nourish man, 490
 By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense
 Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
 Or music to his ear: well-pleas'd he scans
 The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
 Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain; 495
 Beholds the azure canopy of heav'n,
 And living lamps that over-arch his head
 With more than regal splendor; bends his ears
 To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
 Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought, 500
 Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
 Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
 Than space, or motion, or eternal time:
 So

So sweet he feels their influence to attract
 The fixed soul ; to brighten the dull glooms 505
 Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
 Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
 Th' advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,
 Beholds with glad surprize, by secret spells
 Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils, 510
 A visionary paradise disclos'd
 Amid the dubious wild : with streams, and shades,
 And airy songs, th' enchanted landscape smiles,
 Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.

WHAT then is taste, but these internal pow'rs
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive 516
 To each fine impulse ; a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
 In species ? this, nor gems, nor stores of gold, 520
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;
 But GOD alone, when first his active hand
 Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
 He, mighty parent ! wise and just in all,
 Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n, 525
 Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
 And due repose, he loiters to behold
 The sun-shine gleaming, as thro' amber clouds, 530
 O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,
 His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
 Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart ;
 How lovely ! how commanding ! But tho' heav'n
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds 536
 OF

Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
 Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
 Without enlivening suns and genial show'rs,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope 540
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour ; or attend
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce 545
 The olive, or the laurel. Diff'rent minds
 Incline to different objects : one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild ;
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when light'ning fires 550
 The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground ;
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean, groaning from the lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below 555
 The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool 560

— one pursues

The vast alone, &c.] See the note to v. 18, of this book.

Waller longs, &c.]

*O ! how I long my careless limbs to lay
 Under the plantane shade ; and all the day
 With am'rous airs my fancy entertain, &c.*

WALLER, *Battle of the Summer Islands. Canto I.*

And again,

*While in the park I sing, the list'ning deer
 Attend my passion, and forget to fear, &c.*

At Pens-hurst.

H

OF

Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning deer,
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain,
 Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day :
 Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint, melodious ; mute the groves ; 565
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

OH ! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the Siren ! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils 570
 Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
 Those ever blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm th' enliven'd soul ! What tho' not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights 575
 Of envied life ; tho' only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,
 Endows at large whatever happy man 580
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marble and the sculptur'd gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim, 585
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring
 Distills her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds : for him the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold and blushes like the morn. 590
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk ;

And

And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow ; not a cloud imbibes
 The setting sun's effulgence ; not a strain 595
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only ; for th' attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her pow'rs, 600
 Becomes herself harmonious : wout so long
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love, 605
 This fair-inspir'd delight : her temper'd pow'rs
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form, where, negligent of all 610
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port

————— *Not a breeze, &c.]* That this account may
 not appear rather poetically extravagant than just in philosophy,
 it may be proper to produce the sentiment of one of the greatest,
 wisest, and best of men on this article ; one so little to be suspected
 of partiality in the case, that he reckons it among those favours
 for which he was especially thankful to the gods, that they had not
 suffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence
 and poetry, lest by that means he should have been diverted from
 pursuits of more importance to his high station. Speaking of the
 beauty of universal nature, he observes that *there is a pleasing and*
graceful aspect in every object we perceive, when once we consider
 its connexion with that general order. He instances in many things
 which at first sight would be thought rather deformities, and then
 adds, “ that a man who enjoys a sensibility of temper, with a just
 “ comprehension of the universal order ——— will discern many
 “ amiable things, not credible to every mind, but to those alone
 “ who have entered into an honourable familiarity with nature
 “ and her works,” *M. Antonin iii. 2.*

Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalt her daring eye ; then mightier far 614
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs ?
 Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
 Lo ! she appeals to nature, to the winds 620
 And rowling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons : all declare
 For what th'eternal maker has ordain'd
 The pow'rs of man : we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine : he tells the heart, 625
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being ; to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men 629
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions ; act upon his plan ;
 And form to his the relish of their souls.

End of the Third and last Book.

ODES.

+++++

ODES

ON

Several SUBJECTS.

+++++

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following ODES were written at very distant intervals, and with a view to very different manners of expression and versification. The author pretends chiefly to the merit of endeavouring to be correct, and of carefully attending to the best models. From what the antients have left of this kind, perhaps the ODE may be allowed the most amiable species of poetry; but certainly there is none which in modern languages has been generally attempted with so little success. For the perfection of lyric poetry depends, beyond that of any other, on the beauty of words and the gracefulness of numbers; in both which respects the antients had infinite advantages above us. A consideration which will alleviate the author's disappointment, if he too should be found to have miscarried.

ODE I.

Allusion to HORACE.

——— *Ego, apis Matine*
More, modoque, &c. Lib. iv. Od. ii.

AMID the garden's fragrance laid,
Where yonder limes behold their shade
Along the glassy stream,
With HORACE and his tuneful ease
I'll rest from crouds, and care's disease,
And summer's piercing beam.

Behold the busy, wand'ring BEE!
From bloom to bloom, from tree to tree
She sweeps mellifluous dews;
For her the silken gems arise,
For her display their shining dyes,
Their balmy breath diffuse.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm
This pleasurable scene deform
To check thy gladsome toil;
Still may the buds unfullied spring,
Still show'rs and sunshine court thy wing
To these ambrosial spoils.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
Her fellow-lab'rer thus to hail,
And lucky be the strains!
For long ago did nature frame
Your seasons and your arts the same,
Your pleasures and your pains,

Like

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,
 And river-banks and fruitful greens
 Delights my vagrant song ;
 Nor strives, by soaring high in air,
 Tho' swans and eagles triumph there,
 To draw the giddy throng.

Nor where the raven, where the owl
 By night their hateful orgies howl,
 Will she her cares employ ;
 But flies from ruins and from graves,
 From ghostly cells and monkish caves,
 To day-light and to joy.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste ;
 Nor deigns th' ungrateful stores to taste
 Of any noxious thing ;
 But leaves with scorn to others' use
 The bitter hemlock's baneful juice,
 The nettle's fordid sting.

From all which nature fairest knows,
 The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
 She draws her mingled wealth ;
 And when the lovely task is done,
 She consecrates a double boon,
 To pleasure and to health.

O D E II.

On the W I N T E R S O L S T I C E ,

M. D. CC. XL.

TH E radiant ruler of the year
 At length his wint'ry goal attains,
 Soon to reverse the long career,
 And northward bend his golden reins.

Prone

Prone on POTOSI's haughty brow
His fiery streams incessant flow,
Ripening the silver's ductile stores;
While, in the cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft th' approach of eve explores.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How faint the light! how thick the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail and frost,
Fierce winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their chearful bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the warbling waters roll:
Defarts of snow fatigue the eye,
Black storms involve the lowering sky,
And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

Now thro' the town promiscuous throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ruddy fire;
Harmonious dances, festive songs,
To charm the midnight hours conspire.
While, mute and shrinking with her fears,
Each blast the cottage-matron hears
As o'er the hearth she sits alone:
At morn her bridegroom went abroad,
The night is dark and deep the road;
She sighs and wishes him at home.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the sun's remotest ray;
Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then louder howl the stormy waste,
Be land and ocean worse defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing;
And fancy thro' the wint'ry glooms,
All fresh with dews and opening blooms,
Already hails th' emerging spring.

O fountain of the golden day !
 Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede !
 How soon each hov'ring tempest fly,
 That now fermenting loads the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 Or thund'ring o'er the Baltic deep
 To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

But let not man's unequal views
 Presume on nature and her laws ;
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 Th' indulgence of the sov'reign cause ;
 Secure that health and beauty springs
 Thro' this majestic frame of things
 Beyond what he can reach to know,
 And that heav'n's all-subduing will,
 With good the progeny of ill,
 Attempts every state below.

How pleasing wears the wint'ry night,
 Spent with the old illustrious dead !
 While, by the taper's trembling light,
 I seem those awful courts to tread
 Where chiefs and legislators ly,
 Whose triumphs move before my eye
 With every laurel fresh-display'd ;
 While charm'd I taste th' Ionian song,
 Or bend to PLATO's godlike tongue
 Refounding thro' the olive shade.

But if the gay, well-natur'd friend
 Bids leave the studious page a-while,
 Then easier joys the soul unbend
 And teach the brow a softer smile ;
 Then while the genial glass is paid
 By each to her, that fairest maid,

Whose

Whose radiant eyes his hopes obey,
 What lucky vows his bosom warm!
 While absence heightens every charm,
 And love invokes returning MAY.

MAY! thou delight of heav'n and earth,
 When will thy happy morn arise?
 When the dear place which gave her birth
 Restore LUCINDA to my eyes?
 There while she walks the wonted grove,
 The seat of music and of love,
 Bright as the ONE primæval fair,
 Thither, ye silver sounding lyres,
 Thither gay smiles and young desires,
 Chaste hope and mutual faith repair.

And if believing love can read
 The wonted softness in her eye,
 Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
 And every pain of absence die:
 Then offer to thy name attun'd,
 And rising to diviner sound,
 I'll wake the free HORATIAN song:
 Old TYNE shall listen to my tale,
 And ECHO, down the bord'ring vale,
 The liquid melody prolong.

O D E III.

Against SUSPICION.

O Fly! 'Tis dire SUSPICION's mien;
 And, meditating plagues unseen,
 The forc'refs hither bends:
 Behold her torch in gall imbru'd:
 Behold——her garments drop with blood
 Of lovers and of friends!

Fly

Fly far! Already in your eyes
 I see a pale suffusion rise;
 And soon thro' every vein,
 Soon will her secret venom spread,
 And all your heart and all your head
 Imbibe the potent stain.

Then come the hours of shame and fear;
 Then hints of horror seize your ear;
 While gleams of lost delight
 Raise the deep discord of the brain,
 As light'ning shines along the main
 Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

No more can faith or candor move;
 But each ingenuous deed of love
 Which once you would applaud,
 Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
 Malignant fancy longs to dress
 Like injury and fraud.

Farewel to virtue's peaceful times!
 For soon you'll stoop to act the crimes
 You thus can stoop to fear:
 When vice begins her ugly train
 With wrongs of such unmanly stain,
 What horrors form the rear!

'Tis thus, to work her baleful pow'r,
 S U S P I C I O N waits the fullen hour
 Of fretfulness and strife,
 When care th' infirmer bosom wrings,
 Or E U R U S shakes his gloomy wings
 To damp the seats of life.

But come, forsake the scene unblest,
 Which first beheld your candid breast,
 To groundless fears a prey;
 Come, where with my prevailing lyre
 The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
 To charm your doubts away.

Thron'd

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
 What pow'r unseen diffuses far
 This tenderness of mind?
 What genius smiles on every flood?
 What God, in whispers from the wood,
 Bids every heart be kind?

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose breath awak'd th' immortal flame
 That moves my active veins;
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties
 Hast doubled all my future joys,
 And half disarm'd my pains :

Let universal CANDOUR still,
 Clear as yon heav'n-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind;
 Nor THIS, nor THAT man's crooked views,
 One mean or cruel doubt infuse
 To injure human kind.

O D E IV.

To a GENTLEMAN whose MIS-
 TRESS had married an old Man.

I Ndeed, my PAÆDRIA, if to find
 That gold a female's vow can gain,
 If this had e'er disturb'd your mind,
 Or cost one serious moment's pain,
 I should have said that all the rules
 You learnt of moralists and schools,
 Were very useless, very vain.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case;
 And tho' with this heroic air,
 Like one that holds a nobler chase,
 You seem the lady's loss to bear,
 Perhaps your heart bely'd your tongue,
 And thinks my censure mighty wrong
 To count it such a slight affair.

When HESPER gilds the shaded sky,
 Slow wand'ring through the well-known grove,
 Methinks I see you cast your eye
 Back to the morning-scenes of love:
 Her tender look, her graceful way,
 The pretty things you heard her say,
 Afresh your struggling fancy move.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?
 Does wisdom calmly hold her throne?
 Then can you question each desire,
 Bid this remain, and that begone?
 No tear half-starting from your eye?
 No kindling blush you know not why?
 No stealing sigh or stifled groan?

Away with this unmanly mood!
 See where the hoary-churl appears,
 Whose hand hath seiz'd the fav'rite good
 Which you reserv'd for happier years!
 While side by side the blushing maid
 Shrinks from his visage half-afraid,
 Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

Ye guardian powr's of love and fame,
 This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
 And thus reward the gen'rous flame
 Of all who barter vows for gold.
 O bloom of youth and opening charms,
 Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
 O worthy price of beauty fold!

Cease

Cease then to gaze, unthankful boy;
 Let, let her go, the venal fair!
 Unworthy she to give you joy;
 Then wherefore should she give you care?
 Lay, lay your myrtle-garland down,
 And let the willow's virgin-crown
 With happier omens bind your hair.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
 Tho' driv'n unwilling on the land!
 To guide your favour'd steps again,
 Behold your better genius stand:
 Where PLATO's olive courts your eye,
 Where HAMDEN's laurel blooms on high,
 He lifts his heav'n directed hand.

When these are blended on your brow,
 The willow will be nam'd no more;
 Or if that love-deserted bough
 The pitying, laughing girls deplore,
 Yet still shall I most freely swear,
 Your dress has much a better air
 Than all that ever bridegroom wore.

O D E V.

Hymn to CHEARFULNESS

The Author sick.

HOW thick the shades of evening close!
 How pale the sky with weight of snows!
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
 And bid the joyless day retire!

——— Alas, in vain I try within
 To raise the dull, dejected scene,
 While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
 Tear the frail texture of my veins;
 While winter's voice, that storms around,
 And yon deep death-bell's groaning found,
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
 Till starting horror shakes the room!

Is there in nature no kind pow'r
 To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
 To blunt the edge of dire disease,
 And teach these wintry shades to please?
 Come, **CHEARFULNESS**, triumphant fair,
 Shine thro' the painful cloud of care;
 O sweet of language, mild of mien,
 O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen!
 Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
 Attune my jarring thoughts to rest;
 And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
 My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in **ASTRÆA**'s reign),
 The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
 It happen'd that immortal **LOVE**
 Was ranging thro' the spheres above,
 And downward hither cast his eye
 The year's returning pomp to spy;
 He saw the radiant God of day
 Lead round the globe the rosy **MAY**;
 The fragrant **AIRS** and genial **HOURS**
 Were shedding round him dews and flow'rs;
 Before his wheels **AURORA** past,
 And **HESPER**'s golden lamp was last.
 But, fairest of the blooming throng,
 When **HEALTH** majestic mov'd along
 All gay with smiles, to see below
 The joys which from her presence flow.

While

While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
 And fields, and flocks, and swains rejoice;
 Then mighty LOVE her charms confess'd,
 And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
 And, known from that auspicious morn,
 The pleasing CHEARFULNESS was born.

Thou CHEARFULNESS, by heav'n design'd
 To rule the pulse that moves the mind,
 Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever chance or nature brings
 To strain the tuneful poize within,
 And dis-arrange the sweet machine,
 Thou Goddess, with a master-hand,
 Dost each attemper'd key command,
 Refine the soft and swell the strong,
 Till all is concord, all is song.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
 Best banisher of home-bred strife,
 Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
 Deform the scene where thou art by!
 No sick'ning husband damns the hour
 That bound his joys to female pow'r;
 No pining mother weeps the cares
 That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
 Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
 The brother rises to the friend:
 By thee their board with flow'rs is crown'd,
 By thee with songs their walks resound.
 By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
 And evening-hours in peace decline,

Behold the youth, whose trembling heart
 Beats high with love's unpitied smart;
 Tho' now he strays by rills and bow'rs,
 And weeping wears the lonely hours,

Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
Shames the soft story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents falt'ring into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious pow'r, with ease,
Can'st yield him happier arts to please,
Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse, and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again;
And may the votive lay disclose
How much to thy fair aid she owes!
See, when thy touch reveals her mine;
How pure the stores of fancy shine!
Hark, when thy breath her song impells,
How full the tuneful current swells!
Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Instruct the nightly strains of Y———;
But thine was HOMER's ancient might,
And thine victorious PINDAR's flight:
Thy myrtles crown'd the * Lesbian meads;
Thy voice awak'd † Sicilian reeds;
Thy breath perfumes the ‡ Teian rose;
And Tibur's wine spontaneous flows,
While HORACE wantons in thy quire;
The gods and heroes of the lyre.

See where the pale, the sick'ning sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert-scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.

Alone

* ALCEUS and SAPPHO. † THEOCRITUS.
‡ ANACREON.

Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
 Alone beneath the mountain laid,
 He sees the nightly damps arise,
 And gath'ring storms involve the skies;
 He hears the neighb'ring surges roll,
 And raging thunders shake the pole;
 Then, struck by every object round,
 And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
 He pants to traverse nature's ways,
 His evils haunt him thro' the maze:
 He views ten thousand dæmons rise
 To wield the empire of the skies,
 And chance and fate assume the rod,
 And malice blots the throne of GOD.
 —O thou, whose pleasing pow'r I sing!
 Thy lenient influence hither bring;
 Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
 Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
 Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
 And music swell each opening gale:
 Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
 And let him learn the timely hour
 To trace the world's benignant laws,
 And judge of that presiding cause,
 Who founds in discord beauty's reign,
 Converts to pleasure every pain,
 Subdues the hostile forms to rest,
 And bids the universe be blest.

O thou, whose pleasing pow'r I sing!
 If right I touch the votive string,
 If equal praise I yield thy name,
 Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
 Still with the Muse my bosom share,
 And sooth to peace correcting care.
 But most exert thy genial pow'r
 On friendship's consecrated hour;

And

And while my AGES leads the road
 To fearless wisdom's high abode,
 Or, warm in freedom's sacred cause,
 Pursues the light of Græcian laws,
 Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils
 With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.
 But if, by fortune's stubborn sway,
 From him and friendship torn away,
 I court the muse's healing spell
 For griefs that still with absence dwell,
 Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
 To such indulgent, tender themes,
 As just the struggling breast may cheer,
 And just suspend the starting tear,
 Yet leave that charming sense of woe,
 Which none but friends and lovers know.

O D E IV.

On the Absence of the Poetic
Inclination.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid!
 Why, why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
 Why thus forsook my widow'd breast,
 With dark inscebling damps oppress'd?
 Where is the bold prophetic heat,
 With which my bosom wont to beat?
 Where all the bright mysterious dreams
 Of haunted shades and tuneful streams,
 That woo'd my Genius to divinest themes?

Say, can the purple charms of wine,
 Or, young DIONE's form divine,

Or

Or flatt'ring scenes of promis'd fame
 Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
 Have soft, melodious airs the pow'r,
 To give one free, poetic hour?
 Or from amid th' Elysian train,
 The soul of MILTON shall I gain,
 To win thee back with some celestial strain?

O mighty mind! O sacred flame!
 My spirit kindles at his name;
 Again my lab'ring bosom burns;
 The Muse, th' inspiring Muse returns!
 Such on the banks of TYNE confess,
 I hail'd the bright, ethereal guest,
 When first she seal'd me for her own,
 Made all her blefsful treasures known,
 And bade me swear to follow HER alone.

O D E VII.

To a FRIEND, on the hazard of
 falling in Love.

NO, foolish boy — To virtuous fame
 If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
 If true ambition's nobler flame
 Command thy footsteps from the croud,
 Lean not to Love's enchanting snare;
 His dances, his delights beware,
 Nor mingle in the band of young and fair.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
 The wreath of just renown is worn;

Nor

Nor will ambition's awful spoils
 The flowry pomp of ease adorn :
 But Love dissolves the nerve of thought ;
 By Love unmanly fears are taught ;
 And Love's reward with slothful arts is bought.

True, where the Muses, where the pow'rs
 Of softer wisdom, easier wit,
 Assist the Graces and the Hours
 To render beauty's praise compleat,
 The fair may then perhaps impart
 Each finer sense, each winning art,
 And more than schools adorn the manly heart.

If then, from Love's deceit secure,
 Such bleſs be all thy heart intends,
 Go, where the white-wing'd evening-hour
 On DELIA's vernal walk descends :
 Go, while the pleasing, peaceful scene
 Becomes her voice, becomes her mien,
 Sweet as her smiles, and as her brow serene.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
 Each bosom, each desire commands ;
 Apollo's lute by Hermes strung,
 And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands.
 Attend ! I feel a force divine,
 O DELIA, win my thoughts to thine,
 That half thy graces seem already mine.

Yet conscious of the dang'rous charm,
 Soon would I turn my steps away ;
 Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
 Nor once relax my reason's sway.
 But thou, my friend—What sudden sighs ?
 What means the blush that comes and flies ?
 Why stop ? why silent ? why avert thy eyes ?

So soon again to meet the fair?
 So pensive all this absent hour?
 —O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
 While yet to think is in thy pow'r;
 In vain with friendship's flatt'ring name
 Thy passion masks its inward shame;
 Friendship, the treach'rous fuel of thy flame!

Once, I remember, tir'd of Love,
 I spurn'd his hard, tyrannic chain,
 Yet won the haughty fair to prove
 What sober joys in friendship reign.
 No more I sigh'd, complain'd, or swore;
 The nymph's coy arts appear'd no more.
 But each could laugh at what we felt before.

Well-pleas'd we pass'd the chearful day,
 To unreserv'd discourse resign'd,
 And I enchanted to survey
 One gen'rous woman's real mind:
 But soon I wonder'd what possess'd
 Each wakeful night my anxious breast;
 No other friendship e'er had broke my rest!

Fool that I was——And now, ev'n now
 While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
 Unless I shun DIONE's view,
 An hour unsays it all again.
 O friend!—when Love directs her eyes
 To pierce where every passion lies,
 Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

O D E VIII.

On leaving HOLLAND.

A DIEU to LEYDEN's lonely bound,
 The BELGIAN muse's sober seat;
 Where shedding frugal gifts around
 On all the fav'rites at her feet,
 She feeds the body's bulky frame
 For passive, persevering toils;
 And left, for some ambitious aim,
 The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
 She breathes maternal foggs to damp its restless flame.

Adieu the grave, pacific air,
 Safe from the sitting mountain-breeze;
 The marshy levels lank and bare,
 Sacred from furrows hills or trees:
 Adieu each mantling, fragrant flood,
 Untaught to murmur or to flow:
 Adieu the † music of the mud,
 That soothes at eve the patient lover's woe,
 And wakes to sprightlier thoughts the painful poet's
 blood.

With looks so frosty, and with steps so tame,
 Ye careful nymphs, ye household things, adieu;
 Not once ye taught me love's or friendship's flame,
 And where is he that ever taught it you?
 And ye, the slow-ey'd fathers of the land,
 With whom dominion lurks from hand to hand,
 Unown'd, undignified by public choice,
 I go where freedom in the streets is known,
 And tells a monarch on his throne,
 Tells him he reigns, he lives but by her voice.

O

† The Frogs.

O native ALBION, when to thee
 Shall I return to part no more,
 Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
 That sleeps upon the reedy shore?
 When shall I plow thy azure tides,
 And, as thy fleece-white hills aspire,
 Bless the fair shade that on their sides
 Imbow'rs the village and the sacred spire,
 While the green hedge, below, the golden slope divides?

Ye nymphs that guard the pathless grove,
 Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
 With whom I wont at morn to rove,
 With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
 O take me to your haunts again,
 The rocky spring, the green-wood glade;
 To prompt my slumbers in the murm'ring shade,
 And sooth my vacant ear with many an airy strain!

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
 Thy drooping master's unpropitious hand;
 Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
 Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
 Daughters of ALBION, guard your votive lyre!
 O blooming god of Thespia's laurel'd quire,
 Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
 When all the virgin-deities above
 With Venus and with Juno move
 In concert round thy list'ning father's throne?

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
 Elate with whose majestic call
 Above the soft Italian's praise,
 Above the slavish wreaths of Gaul,
 I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
 And wanton sloth's luxurious charms,
 The honours of a poet's name.
 To † ASHLEY's wisdom, or to HAMDEN's arms,
 Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame.

K

Great

† The Earl of SHAFTSBURY.

Great citizen of Albion! Thee
 Heroic valour still attends,
 And useful science pleas'd to see
 How art her studious toil extends.
 While truth, diffusing from on high
 A lustre unconfin'd as day,
 Fills and commands the public eye,
 Till pierc'd and sinking by her pow'rful ray,
 Tame sloth and monkish awe, like nightly dæmons,
 fly.

Hence all the land the patriot's ardour shares;
 Hence dread religion smiles with social joy;
 Hence the free bosom's softest, loveliest cares,
 Each graceful scene of private life employ.
 O fair BRITANNIA, hail!—With partial love
 The tribes of men their native seats approve,
 Unjust and hostile to a foreign fame;
 But when from gen'rous minds and manly laws
 A nation holds her prime applause,
 There public zeal defies the test of blame.

O D E IX.

T O S L E E P.

THOU silent pow'r, whose balmy sway
 Charms every anxious thought away;
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
 Fatigue and toiling pain grow mild,
 Love is with sweet success beguil'd,
 And sad remorse forgets her secret wound;
 O whither hast thou flown, indulgent God!
 God of kind shadows, and of healing dews,
 O'er whom dost thou extend thy magic rod?
 Around what peaceful couch thy opiate airs diffuse?
 Lo,

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
 Looks awful down on earth and main.
 The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
 With all that crop the verdant food,
 With all that skim the crystal flood,
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bow'rs;
 No wakeful sound the moonlight valley knows,
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose.

O let not me thus watch alone!
 O hear my solitary moan!
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes;
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,
 Not from the statesman's thorny down,
 Or where the miser and his treasure lies:
 Bring not the shapes that break the murd'rer's rest;
 Nor those the hireling foldier burns to see,
 Nor those that haunt the tyrant's gloomy breast:
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from
 me!

Nor yet those awful joys present
 For chiefs and heroes only meant:
 The figur'd brass, the choral song,
 The rescued people's glad applause,
 The lightning senate, and the laws,
 Bent on the dictates of † TIMOLEON's tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
 And tho' they shine to youth's ingenuous view,
 The sober gainful arts of modern days
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

K 2

Blest

† *After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to his decision. PLUTARCH.*

Blest be my fate! I need not pray
 That love-sick dreams be kept away:
 No female charms, of fancy born,
 Nor damask cheek, nor sparkling eye,
 With me the bands of sleep untie,
 Or steal by minutes half the faunting morn.
 Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile,
 (A lighter phantom and a baser chain)
 Bids wealth and place the fever'd night beguile,
 To gall my waking hours with more vexatious pain.

Eut, Morpheus, on the dewy wing
 Such fair auspicious visions bring,
 As sooth'd great MILTON's injur'd age,
 When in prophetic dreams he saw
 The tribes unborn, with pious awe,
 Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
 Or such as MEAD's benignant fancy knows,
 When health's kind treasures, by his art explor'd,
 Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
 Or to the trembling sire his age's hope restor'd.

O D E X.

On LYRIC Poetry.

ONCE more I join the Thespian quire,
 And taste th' inspiring fount again:
 O parent of the Græcian lyre,
 Admit me to thy secret strain ———
 And lo! with ease my step invades
 The pathless vale and opening shades,
 Till now I spy her verdant seat,
 And now at large I drink the fount,
 While these her offspring, list'ning round,
 By turns her melody repeat.

I see ANACREON smile and sing :
 His silver tresses breathe perfume ;
 His cheek displays a second spring
 Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
 Away, deceitful cares, away !
 And let me listen to his lay,
 While flow'ry dreams my soul employ ;
 While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours
 Lead hand in hand the festal pow'rs,
 Lead youth and love, and harmless joy.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse and a threat'ning hand,
 The * Lesbian patriot smites the founding chords :
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye curst of gods and free-born men,
 Ye mud'rrers of the laws,
 Tho' now you glory in your lust,
 Tho' now you tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful
 cause !

But lo, to SAPPHO's mournful airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love ;
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move.
 Why is my faithful maid distressed ?
 Who, SAPPHO, wounds thy tender breast ?
 Say, flies he ? ——— Soon he shall pursue :
 Shuns he thy gifts ? ——— He too shall give :
 Slights he thy sorrows ? ——— He shall grieve,
 And bend him to thy haughtiest vow.

But,

* ALCEUS of Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, who fled from his native city to escape the oppression of those who had enslaved it, and wrote against them in his exile those noble invectives which are so much applauded by the ancient critics.

But, O MELPOMENE, for whom
 Awakes thy golden shell again ?
 What mortal breath shall e'er presume
 To echo that unbounded strain ?
 Majestic in the frown of years,
 Behold, the † Man of Thebes appears :
 For some there are, whose mighty frame
 The hand of J O V E at birth indow'd
 With hopes that mock the gazing crowd ;
 As eagles drink the noon-tide flame.

While the dim raven beats his weary wings,
 And clamours far below.— Propitious muse,
 While I so late unlock thy hallow'd springs,
 And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
 To polish Albion's warlike ear
 This long lost melody to hear,
 Thy sweetest arts employ ;
 As when the winds from shore to shore,
 Thro' Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
 Till towns and isles, and seas return'd the vocal joy.

But oft amid the Græcian throng,
 The loose rob'd forms of wild desire
 With lawless notes intun'd thy song,
 To shameful steps dissolv'd thy quire.
 O fair, O chaste be still with me,
 From such profaner discord free :
 While I frequent thy tuneful shade,
 No frantic shouts of Thracian dames,
 No Satyrs fierce with savage flames
 Thy pleasing accents shall invade.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
 The fairest flow'rs of Pindus glow ;
 The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
 And myrtles round thy laurel grow,

Thy

† PINDAR.

Thy strings attune their varied strain,
 To every pleasure, every pain,
 Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
 And strait our passions rise or fall,
 As at the winds imperious call
 The ocean swells, the billows move.

When midnight listens o'er the slumb'ring earth,
 Let me, O muse, thy solemn whispers hear :
 When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
 With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
 And ever watchful at thy side,
 Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide
 The tenor of thy lay :
 To her of old by J O V E was giv'n
 To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n ;
 'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

Oft as from stricter hours resign'd
 I quit the maze where science toils,
 Do thou refresh my yielding mind
 With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
 But, O indulgent, come not nigh
 The busy steps, the jealous eye
 Of gainful care and wealthy age,
 Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
 And hold as foes to reason's reign
 Whome'er thy lovely haunts engage.

With me, when mirth's consenting band
 Around fair friendship's genial board
 Invite thy heart-awakening hand,
 With me salute the Teian chord :
 Or if invok'd at softer hours,
 O seek with me the happy bow'rs,
 That hear D I O N E's gentle tongue ;
 To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
 To love devoid of jealous pain,
 There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

But

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
Or when to nourish freedom's Vestal flame,
I hear my genius utter his command,
Nor Theban voice, nor Lesbian lyre
From thee, O muse, do I require,
While my prophetic mind,
Conscious of pow'rs she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate hath felt her own confin'd.

F I N I S.



THE
ART
OF PRESERVING
HEALTH:
A
POEM
IN FOUR BOOKS.

By JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D.

LONDON,
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T H E
A R T
OF PRESERVING
H E A L T H.

B O O K I.

A I R.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
 HYGEIA *; whose indulgent smile sustains
 The various race luxuriant nature pours,
 And on th' immortal essences bestows
 Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend! 5
 Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
 Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
 Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
 Diffusest life and vigour thro' the traëts
 Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain. 10
 When thro' the blue serenity of heav'n
 Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
 Of Pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,
 Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
 Where, in deep Erebus involv'd, the fiends 15
 Grow more prophane. Whatever shapes of death,
 Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
 Swarm thro' the shudd'ring air: whatever plagues

* HYGEIA, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the
 heathen deities, the daughter of ASCLEPEIUS; who, as well as his mother,
 was distinguished by the name of PÆON.

Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
 Rise from the putrid watry element, 20
 The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
 That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
 Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
 Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
 Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change 25
 Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
 They fly thy pure effulgence; they, and all
 The secret poisons of avenging heaven,
 And all the pale tribes halting in the train
 Of vice and heedless Pleasure: or if aught 30
 The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
 Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,
 Portend disastrous to the vital world;
 Thy salutary power averts their rage,
 Averts the general bane: and but for thee 35
 Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy chearful active energy
 No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
 No more the maids of Helicon delight.
 Come then with me, O Goddess heavenly-gay! 40
 Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
 And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
 "How best the fickle fabric to support
 "Of mortal man; in healthful body how
 "A healthful mind the longest to maintain." 45
 'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse
 The best, and those of most extensive use;
 Harder in clear and animated song
 Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
 Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace 50
 Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
 Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.

Nor should I wander, doubtful of my way,
 Had I the lights of that sagacious mind

Which

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3

Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile. 55.

O thou, belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou, long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O MEAD ! a well-design'd essay,
Howe'er imperfect: and permit that I 60
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.

YE who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind ; 65
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air ;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke.
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to fully heaven's transparent dome 70
With dim mortality. It is not air

That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature ; when from shape and texture she 75
Relapses into fighting elements:

It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts ; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancor fraught, relaxes more 80
The solid frame than simple moisture can.

Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay,
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest : and (tho' the lungs abhor 85
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)

Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimneys, tame
The putrid salts that overwarm the sky ;
This caustick venom would perhaps corrode 90

Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
 In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
 Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
 In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
 Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood, 95
 And rouse the heart to ev'ry fever's rage.
 While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
 Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
 The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
 That fans the ever undulating sky; 100
 A kindly sky! whose soft'ning power regales
 Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
 Find then some Woodland scene where nature smiles
 Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
 To us there wants not many a happy seat; 105
 Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise,
 We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
 See where enthron'd in adamantinè state,
 Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
 There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove 110
 Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
 Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
 (Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise,
 Rural or gay.) O! from the summer's rage
 O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides 115
 Umbrageous Ham! But if the busy town
 Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
 Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
 In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
 Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood; 120
 Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
 Of Dulwich, yet by barb'rous arts unspoil'd.
 Green rise the Kentish hills in chearful air;
 But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads,
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet. 125
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,

With

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With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides ; a meagre fiend
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
 Comprais'd the slothful Naiad of the fens. 130
 From such a mixture sprung this fitful pest,
 With fev'rish blasts subdues the sick'ning land :
 Cold tremors come, and mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
 That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins, 135
 And rack the joints and every torpid limb ;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow : a short relief from former ills.
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ; 140
 The chearful, pure, and animated bloom
 Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the forc'rels, in her sated wrath,
 Relinquish them to the furies of her train ; 145
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
 Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow : 150
 Nor, for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main.
 For from the humid soil, and watry reign,
 Eternal vapours rise ; the spongy air
 For ever weeps ; or, turgid with the weight 155
 Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
 Skies such as these let every mortal shun
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh ;
 Or any other injury that grows 160
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood

In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;

For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven, 165

That winnows into dust the blasted downs,

Bare and extended wide without a stream,

Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,

Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.

The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay 170

Their flexible vibrations ; or inflam'd,

Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.

Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood

A mass of lees remains, a droffy tide

That flow as Lethe wanders thro the veins ; 175

Unactive in the services of life,

Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'

The secret mazy channels of the brain.

The melancholic fiend, (that worst despair

Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man 180

Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain

Too stretch'd a tone : And hence in climes adult

So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,

And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes 185

Of air ; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.

But as the power of chusing is deny'd

To half mankind, a further talk ensues ;

How best to mitigate these fell extremes,

How breathe unhurt the withering element, 190

Or hazy atmosphere : Tho' custom moulds

To every clime the soft Promethean clay ;

And he who suet the fogs of Essex breath'd,

(So kind is native air) may in the fens

Of Essex from inveterate illis revive, 195

At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.

But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,

Correct the soil, and dry the sources up

Of

Of watry exhalation; wide and deep
Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog; 200
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;
Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames. 205
Mean time, at home with chearful fires dispel
The humid air: And let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breed supply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsom pleasures of the chase. 210
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
But frugal be your cups; the languid frame,
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watry heavens.
But neither these, nor all Applo's arts, 215
Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
Unless with exercise and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.
The fat'ning clime, let all the sons of ease
Avoid; if indolence would wish to live. 220
Go yawn and loiter out the long slow year
In fairer skies. If drougthy regions parch
The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood;
Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air; 225
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate the running stream.
Here spread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
The moist relaxing vegetable store
Prevail in each repast: Your food supplied 230
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave;

That

That thro' the thirsty channels of the blood 235
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
 The fragrant dairy from its cool recess
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour
 To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen Sherbet the fickle taste relieve. 240
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge 245
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs 250
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop; incumbent still
 A pond'rous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.
 Lab'ring with storms in heapy mountains rise
 Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades,
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night, 255
 Till black with thunder all the south descends.
 Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
 Our melting clime; except the baleful east
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
 The fancy of the Year. Our fathers talk 260
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
 Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
 This dismal change! the brooding elements,
 Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
 Prepare some fierce exterminating plague? 265
 Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
 That lofty Albion melt into the main?
 Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds
 That drown or wither: Give the genial west 270
 To

I. Book I. *Preserving* HEALTH. 9

To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly north :
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year ; not mix in every monstrous day.

Mean time, the moist malignity to shun
Of burden'd skies ; mark where the dry champaign 275

Swells into chearful hills ; where Marjoram
And Thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ;
And where the * Cynorrhodon with the rose
For fragrance vies ; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes. 280

There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer ev'ning blushing in the west ;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind 285
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.

O ! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm,
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din 290
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.

The murm'ring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest. 295

To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied ; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes 300

The trembling air ; that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected Gods.

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the wild briar.

Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds 305
 High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
 Th' etherial deep with endless billows chafes.
 His purer mansion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid years annoy.

But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain, 310
 Involve my hill. And wherefoe'er you build;
 Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
 Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
 Or high Blackheath with wintry winds assail'd;
 Dry be your house: but airy more than warm. 315
 Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains;
 Fierce coughs will teize you, hoarseness bind your voice,
 Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
 These to defy, and all the fates that dwell, 320
 In cloister'd air tainted with steaming life,
 Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
 And still at azure noon-tide may your dome
 At every window drink the liquid sky.

Need we the sunny situation here, 325
 And theatres open to the south, commend?
 Here, where the morning's misty breath infests
 More than the torrid noon? How sickly grow,
 How pale, the plants in those ill fated vales
 That, circled round with the gigantic heap 330
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
 To feel, the genial vigour of the sun!
 While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
 The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
 The tender lily, languishingly sweet; 335
 O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
 And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
 Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
 The soft'ning sun; whose energy divine
 Dwells not in mortal fire; whose generous heat 340

Glow

Glows thro' the mass of grosser elements,
 And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.
 Chear'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
 We court thy beams, great majesty of day !
 If not the soul, the regent of this world,
 First born of heaven, and only less than God !

345

B O O K. II.

D I E T.

ENOUGH of air. A desert subject now,
 Rougher and wider, rises to my sight.
 A barren waste, where not a garland grows
 To bind the muse's brow ; not ev'n a proud
 Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
 To rouse a noble horror in the soul :
 But ragged paths fatigue, and error leads
 Thro endless labyrinths the devious feet.
 Farewel, ethereal fields ! the humbler arts
 Of life, the table and the homely gods,
 Demand my song. Elysian gales adieu !

5

10

The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
 The generous stream that waters every part,
 And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
 To every particle that moves or lives ;
 This vital fluid, thro' unnumber'd tubes
 Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
 Refunded ; scourg'd for ever round and round,
 Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets
 Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin
 It grows ; and now, but that a thousand gates
 Are open to its flight, it would destroy
 The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
 Besides the flexible and tender tubes

15

20

Melt

Melt in the mildest, most nectareous tide 25
 That ripening nature rolls ; as in the stream
 Its crumbling banks ; but what the vital force
 Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
 That very force those plastic particles
 Rebuild : 'So mutable the state of man ! 30
 For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
 Daily with fresh materials to repair
 This unavoidable expence of life,
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
 Hence the concoctive powers, with various art, 35
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle ;
 The chyle to blood ; the foamy purple tide
 To liquors, which thro' finer arteries
 To different parts their winding course pursue ;
 To try new changes, and new forms put on, 40
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th' athletic hind
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin,
 By violent powers too easily subdu'd, 45
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
 To fiendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years ;
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste 50
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay
 Infirm and delicate ! and ye who waste
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day !
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
 The full repast ; and let sagacious age 55
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
 Readiest obeys th' assimilating powers ;
 And soon the tender vegetable mass
 Relents ; and soon the young of those that tread 60

The

The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
In youth and vigour glorious let him die;
Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Absolve him ill requited from the yoke. 65
Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease
Indulge the veteran ox; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exercise 70
Refin'd and scanty fare: For, old or young
The stall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame,
To wholesome food, th' abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste 75
Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil;
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph 80
(Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
Coily they mix, and shun with slippery wiles,
The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence, 85
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Chuse sober meals; and rouse to active life
Your cumb'rous clay; nor on th' enfeebling down, 90
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
With chearful ease and succulent repast
Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
From the blest mean of sanity departs. 95

I could relate what table this demands,
 Or that complexion; what the various powers
 Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,
 And fifty more, before the tale were done.
 Besides there often lurks some nameless, strange, 100
 Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
 Which finds a poison in the food that most
 The temperature affects. There are, whose blood
 Impetuous rages through the turgid veins, 105
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind,
 Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
 Of chilly nature others fly the board
 Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore. 110
 Some even the generous nutriment detest
 Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
 Of pales; soft, delicious and benign;
 The balmy quintessence of ev'ry flower, 115
 And ev'ry grateful herb that decks the spring;
 The soft'ning dew of tender sprouting life;
 The best refecti^on of declining age;
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife 120
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food
 As suits with every stomach. But (except,
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl, 125
 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
 You sink oppress'd, or whether not by all;)

Taught by experience soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sickn'd appetite too long; 130
 Or heave with sev'ish swellings all the face,

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Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue ;
Or much diminish or too much increase

'Th' expence which nature's wise œconomy,
Without or waste or avarice, maintains. 135

Such eates abjur'd, let prouling hunger loose,
And bid the curious palate roam at will ;
They scarce can err amid the various stores
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king 140
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives ;

The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve: Of milder feeds,
The gen'rous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish ; tho' fabling Greece resound 145
The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.

Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment :
But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds. 150

Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,
'Their cravings are well-aim'd : Voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled ;
Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy.
Stated with nature's boons, what thousands seek, 155
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !

Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste ;
And know, that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim. 160

Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire ;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,
The sick, the needy, shiver at your gates.
Even modest want may bless your hand unseen, 165
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.

Is there no virgin grac'd with every charm,
 But that which binds the mercenary vow ?
 No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom 170
 Unfoster'd sickens in the barren shade ?
 No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
 Or by a heart too generous and humane,
 Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
 And sigh for wants more bitter than his own ? 175
 There are, while human miseries abound,
 A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
 Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
 Without one hour of sickness or disgust.
 But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue, 180
 Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
 Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
 Each other violate ; and oft we see
 What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
 From combinations of innoxious things. 185
 Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
 To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.
 But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
 Or husband pleasure ; at one impious meal
 Exhaust not half the bounties of the year, 190
 Of every realm. It matters not, meanwhile,
 How much to morrow differ from to day ;
 So far indulge : 'tis fit, besides, that man,
 To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
 But stay the curious appetite, and taste 195
 With caution fruits you never try'd before.
 For want of use the kindest aliment
 Sometimes offends ; while custom tames the rage
 Of poison to mild amity with life.
 So heav'n has form'd us to the general taste 200
 Of all its gifts ; so custom has improv'd
 This bent of nature ; that few simple foods,
 Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,

But

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But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
 Of light refection, at the genial board 205
 Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast
 To dull satiety ; till soft and slow
 A drowzy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
 Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
 The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone, 210
 Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
 The softest food : unfinish'd and deprav'd,
 The chyle, in all its future wand'rings, owns
 Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams
 So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain. 215
 To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
 Th' unripen'd grape ? or what mechanic skill
 From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?
 Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
 Of plagues : but more inmedicable ills 220
 Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
 How to disburden the too tumid veins,
 Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood ;
 But to unlock the elemental tubes,
 Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity, 225
 And with balsamic nutriment repair
 The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
 Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;
 Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
 Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew. 230
 When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait
 Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :
 For the keen appetite will feast beyond
 What nature well can bear ; and one extreme
 Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse. 235
 Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
 The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
 Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
 To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege

And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ; 240
 And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
 Long toss'd and famish'd on the wintry main ;
 The war shook off, or hospitable shore
 Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy ;
 Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day : 245
 Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
 Than war or famine. While the vital fire
 Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on ;
 But prudently foment the wand'ring spark
 With what the soonest feels its kindred touch : 250
 Be frugal ev'n of that : a little give
 At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;
 'Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
 Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.
 But tho' the two (the full and the jejune) 255
 Extremes have each their vice ; it much avails
 Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
 From this to that : so nature learns to bear
 Whatever chance or headlong appetite
 May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues 260
 The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
 Collected ; and unloads the wheels of life.
 Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
 Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lowers ;
 Then is a time to shun the tempting board, 265
 Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
 Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
 The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
 Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
 Of festal luxury, the wise indulge 270
 Most in the tender vegetable breed :
 Then chiefly, when the summer beams enflame
 The brazen heavens ; or angry Sirius sheds
 A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air.
 The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup 275

From

From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand,
 Will save your head from harm, tho' round the world
 The dreaded * Causos roll his wasteful fires.
 Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
 The meal more copious, and a warmer fare ; 280
 And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
 His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
 Th' empires of heat and cold ; by neither claim'd,
 Influenc'd by both ; a middle regimen
 Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain 285
 Descending, nature by degrees invites
 To glowing luxury. But from the depth
 Of winter, when th' invigorated year
 Emerges ; when Favonius flush'd with love,
 Toyful and young, in every breeze descends 290
 More warm and wanton on his kindling bride ;
 Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks ;
 And learn, with wise humanity, to check
 The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
 A various offspring to th' indulgent sky : 295
 Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
 The prone creation ; yields what once suffic'd
 Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young ;
 E're yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
 The human breast. Each rolling month matures 300
 The food that suits it most ; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
 Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
 Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole ;
 There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants 305
 Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
 Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
 Untam'd, untractable, no harvests wave :
 Pomona hates them, and the clownish god

* The burning fever.

Who tends the garden. In this frozen world 310
 Such cooling gifts were vain : a fitter meal
 Is earn'd with ease ; for here the fruitful spawn
 Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
 With generous fare and luxury profuse.
 These are their bread, the only bread they know ; 315
 These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops
 The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
 Girt by the burning zone, not thus the south
 Her swarthy sons in either Ind, maintains :
 Or thirsty Lybia ; from whose fervid loins 320
 The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
 Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
 Aduft and dry, no sweet repast affords ;
 Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
 So perfect, so delicious, as the stores 325
 Of icy Zembla. Rashly, where the blood
 Brews feverish frays ; where scarce the tubes sustain
 Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course ;
 Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
 But here in livid ripeness melts the grape ; 330
 Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
 Thro' the green shade the golden orange glows :
 Spontaneous here the turgid Melon yields
 A generous pulp ; the Cocoa swells on high
 With milky riches ; and in horrid mail 335
 The crisp Ananas wraps its poignant sweets :
 Earth's vaunted progeny ; in ruder air
 Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live ;
 Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
 To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile 340
 Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
 Here buxom Ceres reigns : Th' autumnal sea
 In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
 What suits the climates best, what suits the men,
 Nature profuses most, and most the taste 345
 De-

Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
 Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
 The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
 Supports in ellie intolerable air :
 While the cool Palm, the Plantain, and the grove 350
 That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
 The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead ;
 Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
 I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds 355
 By mortal ellie untrod. I hear the din
 Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
 With holy reverence I approach the rocks
 Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
 Here from the desert down the rumbling steep 360
 First springs the Nile ; here bursts the sounding Po
 In angry waves ; Euphrates hence devolves
 A mighty flood to water half the east ;
 And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
 The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn. 365
 What solemn twilight ! What stupendous shades
 Enwrap these infant floods ? Thro every nerve
 A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
 Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round ;
 And, more gigantic still, th' impending trees 370
 Stretch their extrav'gant arms athwart the gloom.
 Are these the confines of some fairy world ?
 A land of Genii ? Say, beyond these wilds
 What unknown nations ? If indeed beyond
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads, 375
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
 That subterraneous way ? Propitious inads,
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
 This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
 Your gifts, (so Pæon, so the powers of health 380
 Command) to praise your chrystal element :

The

The chief ingredient in heaven's various works ;
 Whole deile genius sparkles in the gem,
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine ;
 The vehicle, the source, of nutriment 385
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams ! With eager lips
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
 New life in you ; fresh vigour fills their veins.
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew ; 390
 None warmer fought the fires of human-kind.
 Happy in temp'rate peace ! Their equal days
 Felt not th' alternate fits of fev'rish mirth,
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul 395
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,
 Long centuries they liv'd ; their only fate
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
 Oh ! could those worthies from the world of gods 400
 Return to visit their degen'rate sons,
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
 With all our art and toil improv'd to pain !
 Too happy they ! but wealth brought luxury,
 And luxury on sloth begot disease. 405

Learn temp'rance, friends ; and hear without disdain
 The choice of water. Thus the Coan sage
 Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.
 What least of foreign principles partakes
 Is best : the lightest then ; what bears the touch 410
 Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air ;
 The most insipid ; the most void of sinell.
 Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
 Pours down ; such waters in the sandy vale

* Hippocrates.

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For ever boil, alike of winter frosts 415
And summer's heat secure. The chrystal stream,
O'er rocks resounding, or for many a mile
Hurl'd down the peebly channel, wholesome yields
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide. 420

Tho' thirst were ne'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowfy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals;
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth 425
Of little monsters;) till the power of fire
Has from prophane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes 430
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach, indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream: tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught; 435
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd 440
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unrav'lings of minute anatomy, 445
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine: the vile excess we blame;
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide; 450
And

And with more active poison, than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far-remote meanders of our frame.

Ah! sly deceiver! branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck 455
Of sober vows! But the Parnassian maids

* Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl, 460

Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loitering crudities that burden life;

And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides this restless world 465
Is full of chances, which, by habit's power,
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.

Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages; 470

Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd?

Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won; 475

And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth
The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your bane; and only with your friends.

There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen 480
By friends alone, and men of gen'rous minds.

Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,

* See Book iv.

Book II. *Preserving* HEALTH. 25

Except when life declines, even sober cups.
 Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
 With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm, 495
 The sapless habit daily to bedew,
 And give the hesitating wheels of life
 Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys :
 And is it wise, when youth with pleasure flows,
 To squander the reliefs of age and pain ? 500
 What dext'rous thousands just within the goal
 Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !
 Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
 No morning admonitions shock the head.
 But ah ! what woes remain ! Life rolls apace, 504
 And that incurable disease old age,
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime :
 Except kind nature by some hasty blow
 Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er 510
 Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
 The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,
 High-season'd fare, to exercise or toil
 Protracted ; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
 And sows the Temples with untimely snow. 515
 When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
 The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,
 The growth advances ; till the larger tubes,
 Acquiring (from their * elemental veins,

* In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones ; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensible, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart, and to force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.

Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
 Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood. 520
 Here stops the growth. With over-bearing pulse
 And pressure, still the great destroy the small ;
 Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
 Life glows mean time, a-mid the grinding force
 Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes ; 525
 Its various functions vigorously are ply'd
 By strong machinery ; and in solid health
 'The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
 But the full ocean ebbs : there is a point,
 By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend. 530
 For still the beating tide consolidates
 The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
 'To the weak throbb's of th' ill-supported heart.
 This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
 To hard unyielding unelastic bone, 535
 'Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
 Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on ;
 It loiters still : and now it stirs no more.
 This is the period few attain ; the death
 Of nature : thus (so heav'n ordain'd it) life 540
 Destroys itself ; and could these laws have chang'd,
 Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate ;
 And Homer live immortal as his song.
 What does not fade ? The tower that long had stood
 The crush of thunder and the warring winds, 545
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer time,
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
 Descend ; the Babylonian spires are sunk ;
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down. 550
 'Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun,

The

Book III. *Preserving* HEALTH. 27

The sun himself, shall die ; and ancient night 555
Again involve the desolate abyfs :
Till the great FATHER, thro' the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded space, 560
Where unconfin'd omnipotence has room,
BEING, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhor'd decay :
It ever did ; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep ; 565
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

B O O K. III.

E X E R C I S E.

THRO' various toils th' advent'rous Muse has past ;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song ;
Plain, and of little ornament ; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts. 5
Yet not in vain such labours have we try'd,
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write ; for you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps. 10
Not to debilitate with tim'rous rules
A hardy frame ; nor needlessly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength ;
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
Concerns the strong. His care were ill-bestow'd, 15
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wintry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe who toils
 In dust; in rain, in cold and sultry skies : 20
 Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
 Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
 He knows no laws by *ÆSCULAPIUS* given ;
 He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
 Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly 25
 When rabid *SIRIUS* fires th' autumnal noon.
 His habit pure with plain and temp'rate meals,
 Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
 To every casualty of varied life ;
 Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast, 30
 And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life ;
 Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
 Is well repaid ; if exercise were pain
 Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these 35
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons ;
 And *Rome's* unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
 Unhurt, thro' every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
 Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone ; 40
 The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
 Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd ; the vapid old
 Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
 Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
 Of nature and the year ; come, let us stray 45
 Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk :
 Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
 The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
 And shade a charming languor o'er the soul.
 Nor, when bright winter sows with prickly frost 50
 The vigorous æther, in urbanly warmth
 Indulge at home ; nor even, when *Eurus's* blasts
 This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
 My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain

Or

Book III. *Preserving* HEALTH. 29

Or fogs relent, no season should confine 55
 Or to the cloister'd gall'ry or arcade.
 Go, climb the mountain; from th' ætherial source
 Imbibe the recent gale. The chearful morn
 Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed.
 Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch 60
 The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
 Intent, with emulous impatience try
 Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
 Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;
 And thro' its deepest solitudes awake 65
 The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chace o'er hill and dale
 Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue,
 Not less delightful, the prolific stream
 Affords. The chrystal riv'let, that o'er 70
 A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
 Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
 Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
 Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
 The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream 75
 On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
 Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
 Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
 Unknown in song: Tho' not a purer stream,
 Thro' meads more flow'ry, more romantic groves, 80
 Rolls toward the western main. Hail sacred flood!
 May still thy hospitable swains be blest
 In rural innocence; thy mountains still
 Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
 For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay 85
 With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
 Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
 Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
 In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
 Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks, 90

With the well-imitated fly to hook
 The eager trout, and with the slender line
 And yielding rod sollicite to the shore
 The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
 And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool, 95
 And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Sanian school, or those of Ind,
 There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.
 Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
 His life is pure that wears no fouler stains. 100

But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
 Or secret want of relish for the game,
 You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
 To haunt the peopl'd stream; the garden yields
 A soft amusement, an humane delight. 105

To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;
 Or tame its savage genius to the grace
 Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
 The amiable result of happy chance,
 Is to create; and gives a god-like joy, 110

Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
 To check the lawless riot of the trees,
 To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
 O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
 (His fortune and his fame by worthy means 115

Attain'd, and equal to his mod'rate mind;
 His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
 Even envy'd by the vain) the peaceful groves
 Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
 Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares 120

Absoiv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
 Happiest of men! if the same soil invites
 A chosen few, companions of his youth,
 Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
 With whom in easy commerce to pursue 125
 Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame :

Book III. *Preserving* HEALTH. 31

A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The vists best, and best conducts the stream; 130
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shews
The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms,
Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of Champain. 135
Thrice happy days! in rural business past.
Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk that starts no tim'rous fame, 140
With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
Or thro' the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity;
'Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour 145
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace 150
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman 155
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himself at home.
Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The the tennis some; and some the graceful dance. 160
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble; where from field to field

The

The sounding coveys urge their lab'ring flight;
 Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
 The gun's unerring thunder: And there are 165
 Whom still the * meed of the green archer charms.
 He chuses best, whose labour entertains
 His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate
 Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish; and the mind 170
 The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;
 Few bodies are there of that happy mould,
 But some one part is weaker than the rest:
 The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
 Or the chest labours. These assiduously, 175
 But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
 Acquire a vigour and springy activity
 To which they were not born. But weaker parts
 Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves 180
 Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
 The prudent, even in ev'ry moderate walk,
 At first but faunter; and by slow degrees
 Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
 Well knows the master of the flying steed. 185
 First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
 On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth
 Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
 The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
 Till all the fiery mettle has its way, 190
 And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
 When all at once from indolence to toil
 You spring; the fibres by the hasty shock
 Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
 Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm. 195

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies Reward or Prize.

Besides, collected in the passive veins,
 The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,
 O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
 With dang'rous inundation: Oft the source
 Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood, 200
 Asthma, and feller * Peripneumonie,
 Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th' athletic fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
 Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
 Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels 205
 His vegetation and brute force decay.
 The men of better clay and finer mould
 Know nature, feel the human dignity;
 And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
 Pursu'd proluxly, even the gentlest toil 210
 Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
 Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
 To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows.
 The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
 To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm. 215
 But when the hard varieties of life
 You toil to learn; or try the dusty chace,
 Or the warm deeds of some important day:
 Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
 In wish'd repose, nor court the fanning gale, 220
 Nor taste the spring. O! by the sacred tears
 Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,
 Forbear! No other pestilence has driven
 Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
 Why this so fatal, the sagacious muse 225
 Thro' nature's cunning labyrinth could trace:
 But there are secrets which who knows not now,
 Must, ere he reach them, climb the steepy Alps

* The inflammation of the lungs.

Of science; and devote seven years to toil.
 Besides, I would not stun your patient ears 230
 With what it little boots you to attain.
 He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
 Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
 What signs portend the storm: To subtler minds
 He leaves to fear, from what mysterious cause 235
 Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
 Whence those impetuous currents in the main,
 Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
 The rough'ning deep expects the storm, as sure
 As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven. 240

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vy'd
 For polish'd luxury and useful arts;
 All hot and reeking from th' olympic strife,
 And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
 Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs. 245
 Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
 Of Nard and Cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
 The cherish'd nerves Our less voluptuous clime
 Not much invites us to such arts as these.
 'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace, 250
 And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
 Such frequent bars from Eurys and the North;
 'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
 Too soft; or teach the recremental fume
 Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways. 255
 For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
 In endless millions the close-woven skin,
 The baser fluids in a constant stream
 Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
 While this eternal, this most copious waste 260
 Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
 Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers
 Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
 With ease and pleasure move: But this restrain'd

Or

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Or more or less, so more or less you feel 265
The functions labour; from this fatal source
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air;
Or waves that, when the blustering North embroils 270
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then by soft emollient arts
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To every caprice of the sky; nor thwart
The genius of your clime: for from the blood 275
Least fickle rise the recremental streams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air,
Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous pores.
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heav'n; 280
And hence our painted ancestors defy'd
The east; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.
The body, moulded by the clime, endures
Th' Equator heats or Hyperborean frost:
Except, by habits foreign to its turn, 285
Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance: study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun. 290
Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart: a frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts 295
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism;
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone,
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds: and he who makes
By daily use the kindest regimen 300

Essential

Essential to his health, should never mix
 With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
 He not the safe vicissitudes of life
 Without some shock endures ; ill-fitted he
 To want the known, or bear unusual things. 305
 Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
 (Since pain in spite of all our care will come)
 Should never with your prosperous days of health
 Grow too familiar : for, by frequent use
 The strongest med'cines lose their healing power, 310
 And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
 Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,
 Or the wide flood that waters Indostan,
 Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave 315
 Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free
 Th' evaporation, thro' the soften'd skin,
 May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
 So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames ;
 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell. 320
 With us, the man of no complaint demands
 The warm ablution, just enough to clear
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent soil.
 Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce 325
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich ;
 The want of this is Poverty's worst woe ;
 With this external virtue Age maintains
 A decent grace ; without it Youth and charms 330
 Are loathsome. This the venal graces know :
 So doubtless do your wives. For married fires,
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste ;
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
 To lose a husband's than a lover's heart. 335

But

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But now the hours and seasons when to toil
 From foreign themes recal my wandering song.
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame, 340
 'Tis wisely done : for while the thirsty veins,
 Impatient of lean penury, devour
 The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
 Now while the stomach from the full repast 345
 Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
 Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil :
 And ye, whom no luxuriancy of growth
 Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
 But from the recent meal no labours please, 350
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
 Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
 Of strong and subtle toil, and great event ;
 A work of time : and you may rue the day
 You hurried, with ill-season'd exercise, 355
 A half concocted chyle into the blood.
 The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
 Much toil demands : the lean elastic less.
 While winter chills the blood, and binds the veins,
 No labours are too hard : by those you 'scape 360
 The slow diseases of the torpid year ;
 Endless to name ; to one of which alone,
 To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
 Is pleasure ! from such inhuman pains
 May all be free who merit not the wheel ! 365
 But from the burning Lion when the sun
 Pours down his sultry wrath ; now while the blood
 Too much already maddens in the veins,
 And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
 Explore their flight ; me, near the cool cascade 370
 Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,

No needless slight occasion should engage
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve
 To shady walks and active rural sports 375
 Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
 Of humid skies ; Tho' tis no vulgar joy
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
 While the soft evening saddens into night : 380
 Tho' the sweet poet of the vernal groves
 Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
 Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops
 Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil 385
 Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
 A pleasing lassitude : he not in vain
 Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
 In soft repose : on him the balmy dews 390
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
 In deep oblivion ; or on Fancy's wings
 Visit the paradise of happy Dreams,
 And waken chearful as the lively morn ; 395
 Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full,
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils 400
 And troubles of the day to heavier toil
 Retires, whom trembling from the tower that rocks
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy dæmons hurl, or in the main
 O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground. 405
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,

Whose

Book III. *Preserving* HEALTH. 39

Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Orestes ; whose delirious brain,
 Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought : 410
 While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul ;
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
 For ever torn ; and chaos floating round.
 What dreams preface, what dangers these or those
 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers 415
 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
 We would not to the superstitious mind
 Suggest new throbbings, new vanities of fear.
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night.
 To banish omens and all restless woes. 420

In study some protract the silent hours,
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine ;
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
 But surely this redeems not from the shades
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail 425
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
 Of th' ever-varying circle of the day ;
 Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose, 430
 Defies the early fogs : but, by the toils
 Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
 The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies 435
 Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
 The delicate Narcissus pines away
 In hectic languor ; and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd 440
 To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane ?

O shame ! O pity ! nipt with pale Quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies !

By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind 445
Sleep fast and deep : their active functions soon
With generous streams the subtle tubes supply ;
And soon the tonic irritable nerves

Feel the flesh impulse and awake the soul.
The sons of indolence, with long repose, 450
Grow torpid ; and with slowest Lethe drunk,
Feebly and lingringly return to life,
Blunt every sense and pow'rless every limb.

Ye, prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
On the hard mattrais or elastic couch 455
Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth ;
Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
And springy nerves, the blandishments of down :
Nor envy, while the buried bacchanal
Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams. 460

He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands,
As custom forms her ; and all sudden change 465
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage ;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves, 470
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change ! Behold ! by slow degrees,
Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring ;
The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows ; 475
Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store ;
And aged Autumn brews the winter-storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void

Book III. *Preserving* HEALTH. 41

Of mortal shocks : The cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year, 480
Are in their first approaches seldom safe :

Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
He well advis'd who taught our witer fires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils ; 485

Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade,
And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic Spring 490

Glides harmless by ; and Autumn, sick to death
With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year : what seasons teem
With what diseases ; what the humid South 495
Prepares, and what the Dæmon of the East :

But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues in heat or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky, 500

And taught already how to each extream
To bend your life. But should the publick bane
Infect you, or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality :
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides 505

Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs ;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins ;
Be Celsus call'd : the Fates come rushing on ;
The rapid fates admit of no delay. 510

While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway

O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care 515
Millions have died of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity. 520

The all-surrounding heav'n, the vital air,
Is big with death. And tho' the putrid South
Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
'Th' imprison'd plagues; a secret venom oft 525
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.

What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies, 530
Albion the poison of the Gods has drunk,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;
While for which tyrant England should receive, 535
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the Fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster, never known before, 540
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.

This rapid Fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land. 545

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires. 550
Thro'

Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
 Gush'd out in sinoaky sweats ; but nought assuag'd
 The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
 The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain, 555
 They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.
 The restless arterics with rapid blood
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.
 At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head, 561
 A wild delirium came ; their weeping friends
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
 Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown ; a ponderous sleep 565
 Wrapt all the senses up : They slept and dy'd.

In some a gentle horror crept at first
 O'er all the limbs ; the sluices of the skin
 Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
 The sweats o'erflow'd ; but in a clammy tide : 570
 Now free and copious, now restrain'd and flow ;
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature
 Had mix'd the blood ; and rank with fetid steams :
 As if the pent-up humours by delay
 Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign. 575
 Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)
 With full effusion of perpetual sweats
 To drive the venom out. And here the fates
 Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
 For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race, 580
 Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd :
 Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd ;
 Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive :
 Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow ; 585
 And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.

Frantic

Frantic with fear, they fought by flight to shun
 The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
 Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms :
 Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around, 590
 Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
 Some, hid at home; and in the desert some,
 Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
 In vain : where'er they fled the Fates pursued.
 Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main, 595
 To seek protection in far-distant skies ;
 But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
 From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
 Was then at enmity with English blood.
 For, but the race of England, all were safe 600
 In foreign climes ; nor did this fury taste
 The foreign blood which Albion then contain'd.
 Where should they fly ? The circumambient heav'n
 Involv'd them still ; and every breeze was bane.
 Where find relief ? The salutary art 605
 Was mute ; and, startled at the new disease,
 In fearful whispers hopeless omen gave.
 To heav'n with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs ;
 Heav'n heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd ;
 Fatigu'd with vain resources ; and subdu'd 610
 With woes resistless and enfeebling fear ;
 Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
 Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
 Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death ;
 Infectious horror ran from face to face, 615
 And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
 To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
 In heaps they fell : And oft one bed, they lay,
 The sickening, dying, and the dead contain'd.
 Ye guardian Gods, on whom the Fates depend 620
 Of tottering Albion ! Ye eternal fires
 That lead thro' heav'n the wand'ring year ! Ye powers
 That

Book IV. *Preserving* HEALTH. 45

That o'er th' incircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age hath seen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home 625
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heav'n
Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
While in the West, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd 630
The death of cowards and of common men;
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.
But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
And other themes invite my wand'ring song.

B O O K IV.

The PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds:
And how the subtle principle within 5
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive body. Ye poetic shades,
That know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways. 10
There is, they say, (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods. 15
Mean while this heav'nly particle prevades
The mortal elements, in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels

The

The body's woes and joys, this ruling power 20
 Wields at its will the dull material world;
 And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
 Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself:
 Nor less the labours of the mind corrode 25
 The solid fabric. For by subtle parts,
 And viewless atoms, secret nature moves
 The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
 By subtle fluids pour'd thro' subtle tubes
 The nat'ral, vital, functions are perform'd. 30
 By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;
 The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
 These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these
 Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not thought (for still the soul's employ'd) 75
 'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
 All day the vacant eye without fatigue,
 Strays o'er the heav'n and earth; but long intent
 On microscopic arts its vigour fails.
 Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd, 40
 Nor akes it self, nor gives the body pain.
 But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,
 Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
 And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,
 Engross the subtle ministers of life, 45
 And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
 Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;
 The Lover's paleness; and the fallow hue
 Of Envy, Jealousy; the meagre stare
 Of sore revenge: the canker'd body hence 50
 Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The strong-built Pedant; who both night and day
 Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
 And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
 O'erwhelm'd with phlegm lies in a dropsy drown'd, 55

Or

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Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With useful studies you, and arts that please
Employ your mind; amuse but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!
And ever may the German folios rest! 60
Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their generous taste
Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame, 65
Nor love of knowledge urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the liberal soul.
Toy with your books: and as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from Philosophy 70
To Fable shift; from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.
While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes. 75
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength;
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend 80
What posture suits: To stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machin'ry of its play.
'Tis the great art of life to manage well 85
The restless mind. For, ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers:
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life. 90
Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind.

There

There madness enters ; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,
 Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
 Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale; 95
 A mournful visionary light o'er spreads
 The chearful face of nature : earth becomes
 A dreary desert, and heav'n frowns above.
 Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise :
 Whate'er the wretched fears, creating fear 100
 Forms out of nothing ; and with monsters teems
 Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
 A load of huge imagination heaves.
 And all the horrors that the guilty feel
 With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast. 105
 Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
 Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
 From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
 Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon ;
 It finds you miserable, or makes you so. 110
 For while yourself you anxiously explore,
 Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,
 Presents the danger that you dread the most,
 And ever galls you in your tender part.
 Hence some for love, and some for jealousy, 115
 For grim religion some, and some for pride
 Have lost their reason : some for fear of want
 Want all their lives ; and others every day
 For fear of dying suffer worse than death.
 Ah ! from your bosoms banish, if you can, 120
 Those fatal guests : and first the Dæmon Fear
 That trembles at impossible events :
 Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
 And heav'n's eternal battlements rush down.
 Is there an evil worse than fear itself? 125
 And what avails it, that indulgent heaven
 From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
 If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,

Grow

Book IV. *Preserving* HEALTH. 49

Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares, 130
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,
Appall the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come; and leave the rest to heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd, 135
These evils sprung, the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy: And when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes 140
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversions, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise,
In vain your friends would reason down your pain. 145
O ye whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain!
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead. 150
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the riv'let's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling croud;
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day. 156
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field 160
Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul:
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low, 165
 Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
 And bravely by resisting conquer fate,
 Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
 Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion drink.
 Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves 170
 In empty air; Elysium opens round.
 A pleasant phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
 And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
 And what was difficult, and what was dire,
 Yields to your prowess and superior stars: 175
 The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
 Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
 But soon your heaven is gone, a heavier gloom
 Shuts o'er your head; and as the thundering stream,
 Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain, 180
 Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;
 So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
 Subside, you languish into mortal man;
 You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
 For prodigal of life in one rash night 185
 You lavish'd more than might support three days.
 A heavy morning comes; your cares return
 With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
 May be endur'd; so may the throbbing head:
 But such a dim delirium, such a dream, 190
 Involves you; such a dastardly despair
 Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
 When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
 You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch, 195
 The felon, with unnatural mixture first
 Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
 Or on the fugitive Champain you pour
 A thousand curses; for to heav'n it rapt
 Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair. 200

Perhaps

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Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine :
And wish that heaven from mortals had with-held
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls. 205

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose, unguarded hour
Escap'd. By one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand 210
Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.

Add that your means, your health, your parts decay ;
Your friends avoid you ; brutishly transform'd
They hardly know you ; or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven. 215
Despis'd, unwept you fall ; who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name ;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and memory of your former worth. 220

How to live happiest ; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd 225
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe ;
He still remember'd that he once was young ;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd ; for he 230
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen ; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life 235
He pity'd man : and much he pity'd those

Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
 Our aim is Happiness ; 'tis your's, 'tis mine,
 He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live ; 240
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
 But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring Joy
 Seek this coy Goddess ; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue. 245
 For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
 To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
 Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds
 Should ever roam : And were the Fates more kind,
 Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale. 250
 Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
 And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
 That all was vanity, and life a dream.
 Let nature rest : be busy for yourself,
 And for your friend ; be busy even in vain, 255
 Rather than teize her satiated appetites.
 Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys ;
 Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
 Let nature rest : And when the taste of joy
 Grows keen, indulge ; but shun satiety. 260
 'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
 But him the least the dull or painful hours
 Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
 And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
 Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin ; 265
 Virtue and sense are one : and, trust me, he
 Who has not virtue is not truly wise.
 Virtue (for meer good-nature is a fool)
 Is sense and spirit with humanity :
 'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ; 270
 'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
 Knaves fain would laugh at it ; some great ones dare ;
 But

Book IV. *Preserving* HEALTH. 53

But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth ; 275
This is the solid pomp of prosp'rous days ;
The peace and shelter of adversity.

And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time. 280

The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye : The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By Sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul, 285
Is the best gift of heaven ; a happiness

That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites : a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transfer'd : it is the only good 290

Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd ;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.

But for one end, one much-neglected use, 295
Are riches worth your care : (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied)

This noble end is, to produce the Soul ;
To shew the virtues in their fairest light ;
To make Humanity the Minister 300
Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ; 305
And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as Reason can countroul

The lawless Powers. But other cares are mine :

Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate

310

What passions hurt the body, what improve :

Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever chearful and serene

Supports the mind, supports the body too.

Hence the most vital movement mortals feel

315

Is Hope ; the balm and life-blood of the soul.

It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent heaven

Sent down the kind delusion, thro' the paths

Of rugged life to lead us patient on ;

And make our happiest state no tedious thing.

320

Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,

Is Hope ; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast,

And yet no friends to Life ; perhaps they please

Or to excess, and dissipate the soul ;

325

Or while they please, torment. The stubborn Clown,

The ill-tam'd Russian, and pale Usurer,

(If Love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)

May safely mellow into love ; and grow

Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.

330

Love in such bosoms never to a fault

Or pains or pleasures. But ye finer Souls,

Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill

With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,

That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve

335

Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,

Nor court too much the Queen of charming cares.

For while the cherish'd poison in your breast

Ferments and maddens ; sick with jealousy,

Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,

340

The wholesome appetites and powers of life

Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths

The genial board : Your chearful days are gone :

The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.

To

Book IV. *Preserving* HEALTH. 55

To sighs devoted and to tender pains, 345
 Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
 And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
 Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart :
 It found a liking there, a sportful fire, 350
 And that fomented into serious love ;
 Which musing daily strengthens and improves
 Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance :
 And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
 If once you doubt whether you love or no.
 The body wastes away ; th' infected mind, 355
 Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
 Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
 Sweet heaven from such intoxicating charms
 Defend all worthy breasts ! Not that I deem
 Love always dangerous, always to be shun'd. 360
 Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
 In wanton and unmanly tenderness
 Adds bloom to Health ; o'er every virtue sheds
 A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
 And brightens all the ornaments of man. 365
 But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
 With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
 Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
 Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
 And some have died for Love ; and some run mad ; 370
 And some with desp'rate hand themselves have slain.
 Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
 A mad devotion to one dangerous Fair,
 Court all they meet ; in hopes to dissipate
 The cares of Love amongst an hundred Brides. 375
 Th' event is doubtful : for there are who find
 A cure in this ; there are who find it not.
 'Tis no relief, alas ! it rather galls
 The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
 For while from feverish and tumultuous joys 380
 The

The nerves grow languid and the soul subsides ;
 The tender Fancy smart with every sting ;
 And what was Love before is Madness now.
 Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
 Be temperate still : When nature bids, obey ; 385
 Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb.
 But when the prurient habit of delight,
 Or loose Imagination, spurs you on
 To deeds above your strength, impute it not
 To Nature : Nature all compulsion hates. 390
 Ah ! let nor luxury nor vain renown
 Urge you to feats you well might sleep without ;
 To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
 A tedious task ; nor in the wanton arms
 Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down. 395
 For from the colliquation of soft joys
 How chang'd you rise ! the ghost of what you was !
 Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt and wan ;
 Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
 Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood 400
 Grows vapid phlegm ; along the tender nerves
 (To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
 A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues
 Rapid and restless springs from part to part.
 The blooming honours of your youth are fallen ; 405
 Your vigour pines ; your vital powers decay ;
 Diseases haunt you ; and untimely Age
 Creeps on ; unsocial, impotent and lewd.
 Infatuate, impious, Epicure ! to waste
 The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness and health ! 410
 Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
 And coy perdition every hour pursue.

Who pines with Love, or in lascivious flames
 Consumes, is with his own consent undone :
 He chuses to be wretched, to be mad ; 415
 And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.

But

Book IV. *Preserving* HEALTH. 57

But there's a Passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruins proud Philosophy.
For pale and trembling anger rushes in, 420
With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare;
Fierce as the Tiger, madder than the seas,
Desp'rate, and arm'd with more than human strength.
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend! 425
Who pines in Love, or wastes with silent Cares,
Envy, or Ignominy, or tender Grief,
Slowly descends, and lingering, to the shades.
But he whom Anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down; 430
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the Body thro' unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the Soul;
As is the Passion, such is still the Pain.
The Body feels; or chronic, or acute. 435
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
The Life, or gives your Reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of Fear,
And sudden Grief, and Rage, and sudden Joy.
There are, mean time, to whom the boist'rous fit 440
Is Health, and only fills the sails of life.
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a Body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
A generous fally spurns th' incumbent load, 445
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute; be cautious if you joke;
Keep Lent for ever; and forswear the Bowl. 450
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,

And

And gives to horror all your days to come.
 Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and every plague
 That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind, 455
 And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
 O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
 As your own Wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.

While choler works, good Friend, you may be wrong;
 Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.

'Tis not too late to morrow to be brave; 460
 If honour bids, to morrow kill or die.

But calm advice against a raging fit
 Avails too little; and it tries the power
 Of all that ever taught in Prose or Song,
 To tame the Fiend that sleeps a gentle Lamb, 465
 And wakes a Lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
 You reason well, see as you ought to see,
 And wonder at the madness of mankind:

Seiz'd with the common rage you soon forget
 The speculations of your wiser hours. 470

Beset with Furies of all deadly shapes,
 Fierce and insidious, violent and slow;
 With all that urge or lure us on to fate;
 What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?
 Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles, 475

To cope with subtle or impetuous Powers,
 I would invoke new passions to your aid:
 With indignation would extinguish fear,
 With fear or generous pity vanquish rage, 480
 And love with Pride; and force to force oppose.

There is a Charm, a power, that sways the breast;
 Bids every passion revel or be still:
 Inspires with rage, or all your Cares dissolves;
 Can sooth Distraction, and almost Despair. 485
 That Power is Music: Far beyond the stretch
 Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;
 Those clumsy Heroes, those fat-headed Gods,

Who

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Who move no passion justly but Contempt :
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace. 490
The fault is ours ; we bear those monstrous arts ;
Good Heaven ! we praise them : we, with loudest peals,
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels ;
And, with insipid shew of rapture, die
Of idiot notes impertinently long. 495
But he the muses laurel justly shares,
A Poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire ;
Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain, 500
In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old 505
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bad the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song ;
And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre, 510
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of Hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each Joy, allays each Grief,
Expels Diseases, softens every Pain, 515
Subdues the rage of poison, and the Plague ;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One Power of Physic, Melody and Song.

The E N D.



